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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

THE LONDON TIMES ON THE JOHN BROWN AFFAIR.

From The London Times, Dec. 28.

We were not wrong in supposing that the enthusiasm for John Brown's memory would speedily die out, and that the vagaries of the Abolitionists would cause a revulsion of feeling in favor of the South. By the present mail we learn that the country is most indignant at the Bostonians, and they themselves seem to be not a little ashamed of their proceedings. The Capital of Massachusetts was, on December the 8th, the scene of a demonstration in favor of the Union, and the more sensible portion of the citizens had an opportunity of protesting against the doings of their Abolitionist brethren. The tone of this meeting was as patriotic and becoming as the speeches at "Tremont Temple" were the reverse. Mr. Everett, a man respected throughout the Union, delivered a speech which will, no doubt, produce a great effect in all parts of the Republic. He showed the wickedness of Brown's attempt, reminded his hearers that the old man had long meditated raising a revolt, that he was aided by Abolitionist money, and supplied with Abolitionist guns and pikes; that his plan was well considered, inasmuch as he seized the largest arsenal in that part of the country, full of arms and occupying a good position; and that his enterprise only failed because the slaves were not ripe for insurrection, as they were represented to be. Mr. Everett then read extracts from the narrative of the revolt in St. Domingo, to show the horrors which necessarily follow from such an outbreak as Brown sought to cause, and he might certainly have directed attention to the present state of the Island as a proof of how little the world is likely to gain by the establishment of a Negro Commonwealth. Using the arguments which suggest themselves to every reflecting man, he called upon the people of the North to discontinue the system of provocation which they have used toward the Southern people, and to use all means to strengthen the Union, which Abolitionist madness had endangered. The reception of Mr. Everett was most enthusiastic, and his eloquent appeal will no doubt produce the best effect both on his own neighbors and on the irritated Southerners.

In many other places meetings have been held to express sympathy with Virginia, and abhorrence of such schemes as that of Brown and his associates. In New York a manifesto to the same effect has been circulated and numerously signed, and there is no doubt that the feeling in the country will be such as to strengthen the Federal Government and the several Southern States against such malefactors for the future. In this result we most sincerely rejoice. Mr. Everett, in his speech, expressed apprehensions for the future of the Union, in which we should not have been inclined to share. But, as his experience and observation on this subject have been very great, we must conclude that of late the party war has been carried on with a virulence which leads even people accustomed to American exaggeration to feel that there is danger; and, indeed, the attempt at Harper's Ferry must necessarily have brought new considerations into the controversy. Formerly the North contented itself with attacking the planters in newspapers or speeches, and decoying away or giving shelter to their negroes; but now the Abolitionists have gone a step further, and the crusade is for the slaughter of the white people, and the establishment of a half-caste Republic, after the model of the Central American communities. The Virginians may hitherto have been contented to live under the same government as people who merely wrote at them and preached at them; but when it comes to revolution and murder, the case is widely different. The State which produced Washington, Jefferson and Monroe might be excused for declining to descend to the level of Hayti or Costa Rica. Men of the purest English blood may well shrink from turning their country into a region in comparison with which Mexico would be gentle and enlightened. But there are still more pressing considerations. After all, security for life and property is the great object of society, and the Southerners have now been called upon to decide whether they can, in justice to themselves, their wives and children, live under the same federation with men who make no secret of their purpose to revolutionize the South by force of arms. It was boasted in Boston that from John Brown's ashes armed men would spring to carry on the war for the liberation of the slaves. The people of the frontier Southern States may be excused for taking these expressions literally, and demanding some guarantee that there shall not be periodical seizures of Federal arsenals, incitements of the negroes to murder, and imprisonments of inoffensive citizens by Abolitionist bands. The Federal Union presumes the disarmament of one State with respect to another. Virginia and Kentucky have not men ready posted to protect them from invasion by their Northern countrymen. It is not the duty of each State to defend itself against its neighbors; and when the necessity for such vigilance arises, the objects of the federation are gone. The Southerners may well say that if they are to be exposed to these inroads, they must have their own army and navy to protect themselves, and that, however much they regret the disruption of a nation which has existed in prosperity for eighty years, yet that the necessity of self-preservation dictates this course.

It is for the whole body of honest and reflecting men throughout the United States to unite in calming these natural fears. The union of the American people is of importance, not only to themselves, but to the world at large. To Englishmen the spread of our language, of our religion, and, to a certain extent, of our laws and manners, can never cease to be an object of interest; nor can we desire success to the fanatics who, in their wild dream of raising an inferior race, would imperil all that has been accomplished in the New World during two centuries of industry and genius. That the harshness of masters in the Southern States may be lessened, that the slaves may receive education and moral instruction, and that ultimately slavery may be changed into a system by which the colored race shall enjoy personal liberty and the legal rights which are necessary for the preservation of life and property, we most heartily desire; but anything further we cannot join in seeking. Well might Mr. Everett ask: "Has any one whose opinion is entitled to the slightest respect ever undertaken to sketch out the details of a plan for effecting abolition at once by any legislative measure that could be adopted?" The Abolitionists would have the population of the Southern States turned into a mixed race, whites, blacks, mulattoes being on terms of equality, and constantly intermarrying; but if one thing more than another has tended to give the Anglo-Saxon race in the New World the victory over the Spanish, it is that it has kept itself apart from the Red and Negro races, and lodged power constantly in the hands of men of European origin. It has been fully proved, not only on the American Continent, but in our own Colonies, that the enforced equality of European and African tends not to the elevation of the black, but the degradation of the white man. We cannot find any sympathy for those who would try in the United States the plan of a half-caste Republic, and we trust that the Federal Government and the right-thinking part of the community will protect the South from the repetition of such outrages as that at Harper's Ferry.

NON-INTERCOURSE WITH THE NORTH.

From The New Orleans Commercial Bulletin.

In every serious emegency, such as that whose advent we now recognize, there are persons whose zeal outstrips their knowledge, and whose passions smother their judgments. Their motives may be good, but the remedies they propose for evils that may exist would aggravate rather than allay or remove them. Such persons appear to lack balance of mind. They evidently do not comprehend the workings of principles, or perceive the full bearings and reactionary influences of the measures they propose. Such men are, therefore, unsafe leaders and unwise in council. Their rashness unfits them for such offices. These reflections are naturally suggested by the proposition to establish by law absolute commercial non-intercourse with the North and West, and to do it at once. We can hardly suppose that those who propose this remedy, if by courtesy we may so term it, for the evils that may exist, really intend to carry the proposition into practical effect; or if they do, we cannot think they will find co-workers enough to crown their efforts with success. The measure seems to us to be almost as fanatical and absurd as any one that could be brought forward, and, if attempted to be carried into execution, would fall with crushing and disastrous effect upon the great mass of the Southern people themselves, including the constituents of those legislators who have proposed it. Such a law would not be in existence six months, we hazard little in saying, before the people would demand its repeal in such tones as could not be resisted; and even during those short months, it would be nearly a dead letter upon the statute-book. Its very enactors would be compelled from sheer necessity to disregard it. There is scarcely a family in the entire South that would not feel the immediate effects of it in pressing, every-day wants.

To show the practical effects of such a law, let us give the subject a practical turn. When the reader goes home to dinner, let him take an inventry of his dining-room, parlor, bed-room and kitchen furniture, and see what articles there are which have not come from the North. He will find a few articles of luxury and elegance from Paris, or Germany, or England. But almost every article of prime necessity, and which he could not possibly do without, except through great suffering, he will find has been manufactured at the North. The crockery on his table, his chairs, tables, bedsteads, washstands, bureaus, grates, mantle-pieces, stoves, most probably the carpets, curtains, window-cornices, knobs, etc., etc., have all come from the Northern States.

An examination of his personal effects will show similar results. His coat, vest, pantaloons, boots, shoes, shirts, hat, and even his watch-guard, and possibly his watch and cane, have, in most cases, come from the same region. Go out upon a plantation, and the same truth appears. The ploughs, harrows, hoes, pruning-hooks, pumps, engines, cotton-gins, spades, drays, carriages, harnesses, saddles, bridles, etc., are all made in the free States. Very well; what of it all? Why, much, very much, when taken in connection with the proposition to exclude by law every one of these articles from the South immediately, and prohibit any citizen—planter, merchant, mechanic, or professional man—from purchasing them. The planter cannot make his crop without agricultural implements, can he? One cannot very well get along without clothes, a bed, chairs, crockery, etc. The planter must have shoes and clothing for his negroes. It is true that the old shoes, hats and coats, may last, by brushing and mending, and much care, six months, and by a desperate stretch, perhaps a year. The old ploughs, harnesses, etc., ditto.

When these are gone, however—and a year slips round quick—what then? It is proposed that the planter shall be prohibited under severe penalties from buying any shoes or clothing for his negroes and his family that may have been made in the North. Where, then, is he to get them? They now all come from there. There is not a shoe manufactory worthy of the name, or a furniture manufactory, or a manufactory for many other articles that must absolutely be had, in the South. Except in this city, there is not a manufactory in the South of negro clothing, and the materials used in the one here are not of domestic make. If the guillotine is shut down *at once* upon Northern manufactures by the high acts of sovereign States, we ask again, whence the articles of prime necessity, which planters and everybody else must have, are to come? It is proposed to cut off the source of present supply without providing any other. It is proposed to leave planters with their hands upon their plantations without ploughs, gins, hoes, clothing; and themselves and families without furniture, saddles, and many other necessities of life. And this we are to accept as a remedy for existing evils! Ye gods and small alligators, it doth amaze us! The answer to all this, we suppose, will be that planters must go to work and make their own shoes and clothing, their own carts and spades, and everybody else is to make his own hats, boots, coats, shirts, and even his watch, or go without! What an industrious time of it we should all have! No penitentiary could exhibit such scenes of industry as we should in that case show to an astonished world!

We do not wish to treat so grave a question lightly, but the proposition under consideration is so thoroughly absurd and Quixotic that really one can hardly help laughing at it. It exhibits in a striking light the necessity for the inauguration of such a system of domestic manufacturing industry as we have been trying to illustrate and enforce upon the minds of our citizens and the people of the South for a week or two past. To create and foster such a system for the home supply of home wants, we submit, will furnish the proper field for legislative action. To cut off at one fell sweep the source of present supply, and to provide in advance for no other, would be like tearing up a bridge over which one must cross, and tearing it up before crossing instead of doing it afterwards. We submit that it will be time enough to tear up the bridge *when we are over*. To do it before will call in question our sanity. We are in favor of just so much non-intercourse with the North as we can inaugurate and carry into effect without injuring and oppressing ourselves. We are in favor of going immediately to work and supplying our industrial wants as fast as we can possibly do it, and relinquishing supplies from the North correspondingly. As soon as we can make a shoe at home, we shall not want to buy it at the North; but to say that we shall not be permitted to buy it there, and in the meantime go barefooted, why, that is a unique and desperate kind of patriotism, whose philosophy we don't understand at all.

The effect of passing such a law as the one we speak of, by the Legislature of any Southern State, would inevitably be to cause its people to disregard it, at least in part, and at the same time to compel them to pay five hundred or more *per cent.* beyond what they now do for such articles as they are obliged to have. Articles of ornament and luxury come largely from Europe; but those of necessity come almost entirely from the North. Hence, the law would fall with crushing weight upon all, but with peculiar severity upon the poor. To discriminate against ornamental articles would be useless, because these come mostly from Europe. The law would affect articles that are indispensable, or have no effect.

It will be observed that we have left entirely out of view the legal aspect of the question, preferring to consider it in its practical bearings upon the necessities and comfort of our own citizens. We do not know whether or not a law could be framed that would be constitutional. We have never examined the question. There is certainly room for doubt, and the question would be likely to lead to litigation, not to speak of endless evasions and difficulties.

Under any view of the question, the proposition to pass such a law is an absurdity, and ought not to be entertained by any legislative body in the South. Let legislation be directed towards creating and fostering a system of home supply of manufactured products, and *that* will bring about, of itself, voluntarily and without any legal or other difficulty, all the commercial non-intercourse with the North that will ever be of the least service to us.

A NURSERY OF TREASON.

From The New Orleans Picayune.

It is one of the most pregnant proofs and illustrations of the fact that we inhabit the freest country, and live under the freest institutions in the world, that since the year 1834 there has been permitted to exist within our borders such a collegiate establishment as Oberlin College, Ohio; an institution whose teachings and inculcations, and whose influences and practical results, are all in the manifest direction of the most traitorous hostility to the Constitution and the laws of the republic.

In the year above named, this college was founded, under the direction of a sect calling themselves Evangelical Congregationalists; their evangel being treason, and their neophytes and catechumens being a congregation of incipient traitors. The founding of this school desecrated the name of the celebrated pastor of Walbach, in Switzerland, by calling it after his name. It is located in the heart of the tract known as "The Western Reserve"—so long represented in Congress by the notorious Giddings—the very centre of abolitionism, where (as truly says a late New York *Journal of Commerce*) the people are born Abolitionists, and where abolitionism is taught as "the chief end of man," and often put in practice. Negroes are matriculated at this institution as freely as whites, and neither age nor sex form any distinction in the admission of pupils. They are sent there to learn treason just as in Christian communities children are sent to the Sabbath or the secular school. The use their teachers make of all the usual branches of education is to inculcate principles of deep hostility to the best interests of their country. The practical application, for example, of arithmetic, at Oberlin, is to compute the number of slaves in the Union, and their value *per capitem*. Geography is only considered useful as teaching those who learn it the boundary lines, and those localities of slave territory supposed to be favorable to emancipation, together with the lay of the underground railroad, and the proper stations along it, at which to rest on their way to Canada. With history, at Oberlin, are learned the chronicles of the peculiar institution; and with ethics and philosophy, the "higher law" and resistance to the laws of the land. The end of all this teaching is well summed up by our New York contemporary as follows:

"Oberlin is the nursery of just such men as John Brown and his followers. * * * The graduates are Masters of Art in abolitionism, and, with the acquirement of their degrees, are prepared to go a degree or two further if occasion requires. Here is where the younger 'Browns' obtain their conscientiousness in ultraism, taught from their cradle up, so that, while they rob slaveholders of their property, or commit murder for the cause of freedom, they imagine that they are doing God service."

The last published catalogue of Oberlin College represents the institution as in a flourishing condition, and shows a total of 1,250 students, of whom 480 are females. Rev. Charles G. Finney is the President. The number of alumni up to this year's commencement was 277, of whom 135 were preachers, male and female. Lucy Stone and some others of the abolition sisterhood graduated here. There are numerous teachers, and attached to the college is a library of 5,000 volumes. They have a newspaper and a quarterly review connected with the institution, and inculcating its peculiar doctrines.

We have been thus particular in giving the facts connected with this pernicious collegiate establishment because we would fain have our readers acquainted with one of the most fruitful sources of those dangers to our institutions which, accumulating and gaining strength with every year's lapse, are now threatening the integrity of the Union and the best interests of our country; and because we would show that it is not political partisanship and demagogical self-seeking alone which have brought these evil upon us, though they have not been inefficient to that end, but that it is to misguided religious zeal, heated to the extreme of fanaticism, that we are indebted for the propagation of dogmas and principles the tendency of which is to overthrow all that is valuable in our political system.

What is the remedy? We know of none, we confess, but in the reëstablishment of those better counsels which, in times antecedent to ours, prevailed in the republic, and under the influence and practical operation of which those inherent rights of the individual States, and the sections, were religiously regarded by all; when the guarantees of the Constitution, which were the wise results of fair and honorable compromise, were looked upon as articles of sound political faith, binding all parties to an honest observance of them; and when those who should have dared to inculcate lessons subversive of them, or tending to weaken their force, would have been looked upon as traitors to the republic, and enemies to its dearest interests.

When such counsels shall again prevail, throughout the length and breadth of our once happy, because united, land, such an institution as that we have described will not be allowed to exist. We confess we do not find in the signs of the times as much to encourage us to hope that this result is to be as immediately attained as we could desire. But it is none the less a duty to strive for its accomplishment; and to hope that to that end there may be such a combination of the conservative elements, in the politics, both of the North and of the South, as will conduce to the overthrow of that sectionalism which is the bane of our well-being, as a nation, and our happiness, as a people.

Selections.

SYMPATHY FOR DR. CHEEVER IN EDINBURGH.

SPEECHES OF DR. CANDLISH AND DR. GUTHRIE.

From The Edinburgh Witness, Dec. 24.

A large and influential public meeting took place on Thursday afternoon, in the Queen Street Hall, convened for the purpose of expressing sympathy with the Rev. Dr. Cheever under the painful circumstances which that eminent divine has lately been called on to occupy with reference to slavery. Among those on the platform were the Lord Provost, Sir James Forrest, Sir John Melville, Rev. Dr. Candlish, Rev. Dr. Guthrie, Rev. Dr. Alexander, Rev. Mr. Cullen, Rev. Jonathan Watson, Rev. Mr. Graham of Newhaven, Rev. Mr. Pulsford, Dr. Greville, Dr. Russell, Mr. J. F. Macfarlan, Mr. H. D. Dickie, Councillor Fyfe, Mr. Cruickshank, Mr. Burn Murdoch, Jr., Mr. Snody, &c. &c. On the motion of Sir John Melville, the Lord Provost was called to the chair. The meeting having been opened with prayer by Mr. Pulsford,

The Lord Provost briefly stated the object of the meeting, which, he was happy to say, was not of a very usual character in Edinburgh. They were called together to express sympathy with a Christian minister in very peculiar circumstances; a man well known to the people of this country by his writings and by his admirable illustrations, he believed the best of all others, of John Bunyan, and one who at the present time needed all our sympathy and encouragement. He thought there was sufficient in the information which had been received to warrant him in saying Dr. Cheever, by his manly and admirable denunciations of slavery, was entitled to the sympathy of all Christian and well-thinking men in this country (applause). After remarking that it was by no means uncommon or extraordinary for the people of this country publicly to express their approbation or disapprobation of events in other lands, in proof of which he instanced the case of the Jew boy, Mortara, and the remonstrance they made in the case of those who were tried and imprisoned in foreign countries for reading the Bible, his Lordship went on to express his astonishment that, in the United States of America, which vaunted so loudly of their freedom, civil, political and religious, there should not only be a toleration of the abominable system of slavery, but that, when Christian men opened their mouths to condemn it, they were not only not sympathized with, but were themselves condemned by public opinion.

Dr. Candlish, who was received with loud cheers, then addressed the meeting. After referring to the private manner in which the movement in behalf of Dr. Cheever had been hitherto gone about, and to the drawback necessarily incident to this, he said that if the cause with which that eminent man was identified had been brought before the community of Scotland in the way in which such cases ordinarily were, it was his impression that the steam would have been up long ago, and a national enthusiasm would have been kindled. It was, however, now made abundantly plain that Dr. Cheever was suffering for his faithfulness in advocating the cause of emancipation, and that the movement now making on his behalf on this side of the Atlantic had his thorough sanction and that of the large and overwhelming majority of his congregation. I do trust that, now that this cause has been fairly brought under our notice in this public way, we shall give to it our most cordial sympathies, and shall, with one heart and one hand, combine to support Dr. Cheever in his influential position (cheers). Among other questions, this has sometimes been asked, is it not strange that in such a city as New York, and in such a country as America, and especially in the North, where, although public sentiment is to a large extent, I fear I may say, debauched by the political entanglements in which the North is involved with the South—where, notwithstanding this, there is notoriously a very large and influential anti-slavery party—how comes it, some say, that Dr. Cheever is not sustained by the friends of the anti-slavery cause in the States of America themselves? and how comes it that when, as is alleged, there are a good many ministers—not a very large proportion—for even those most favorable to the clergy of America admit that it is a very small proportion—but while there is a considerable body of ministers in the Northern States of America who are avowedly anti-slavery, and who make no hesitation about declaring their sentiments—how comes it that Dr. Cheever, in particular, should suffer more than they do? I confess I had some difficulty on this very point myself when the matter was first brought under my notice; but on getting information upon it from the American newspapers, not from those favorable to Dr. Cheever, but chiefly from one newspaper rather hostile to him, and more especially from reading Dr Cheever's own book, "God Against Slavery," I got the enigma or riddle thoroughly solved, for I found that the peculiar offence of Dr. Cheever consists not in holding abstractly anti-slavery views, or in propounding them, but that his peculiar offence is that he launches forth, with an eloquence worthy of the old masters of oratory in Greece—with an eloquence, I would almost say, rivalling the denunciations of the prophets, in so far as uninspired eloquence can rival that of inspiration—he sets himself not merely to the general advocacy of emancipation, but he sets himself tooth and nail against the measures of the American Legislature sanctioning, promoting and extending slavery—he sets himself practically to work against the Kansas atrocity, against the Fugitive Slave law—he sets himself against every form by which the Legislature of America has been abetting and encouraging the evil; and he does so in the way just of strong and pointed appeal to the consciences of all American citizens, calling upon them to exercise their political franchise, as in the sight of God, and against this abominable sin (loud cheers). This is his special offence; and here, I believe, he stands almost alone among the ministers of America. I believe he might have gone on denouncing slavery in the abstract as long as he chose, and in propounding anathemas against it, and preaching up emancipation in the abstract; but here he comes home to men's bosoms, to men's business, and to men's purses—he comes home to them as citizens, and he calls upon them to consider that they are responsible for the enormous sin which the Legislature of the States is committing, in not merely tolerating slavery where it exists, but in building for it bulwarks to preserve and perpetuate the institution, and in opening up new fields, through bloodshed and violence, for the entering in and triumphing of it on the free soil of the States of America (loud cheers). This is the head and front of Dr. Cheever's offending, and we will at once see that this places him in a somewhat peculiar position. Dr. Candlish then referred to three classes of anti-slavery men in America; first, those who bear a milk-and-water testimony; second, those who, opposed as they may be to slavery, cannot be expected to enter very cordially into a measure bearing even in the slightest degree on ecclesiastical organization, or upon the maintenance of a minister belonging to another Church; and, third, those who, opposed to slavery out and out, and more or less distinctly on Christian grounds, take up the position that they ought to enlighten the public mind on the subject, but ought not to interfere either by force—as John Brown has been doing—or by anything approaching political agitation, which unquestionably was the offence of Dr. Cheever; and said that none of these classes could be expected to sympathize much with Dr. Cheever in his present position, or in the effort now making to secure his position in the Church of the Puritans. Now, there can be no question (continued Dr. Candlish) that Dr. Cheever stands out, I don't say as the martyr John Brown, but as a confessor of this great principle—and I hold it to be a great principle—that the opponents of slavery in America are bound to make their opposition to it tell on the hustings (cheers)—that they are bound to make their opposition to slavery tell through the ballot-box—that they are bound to testify to their fellow-citizens everywhere that those who hold the reins of power, and those who, in the last resort, rule their country, are responsible for the measures that are drawing down upon America, if America pause not, the righteous indignation of Him who will have all men to be free (loud cheers). Having made this explanation as to Dr. Cheever's position, will you allow me just to advert for a little to Dr. Cheever's way of advocating the anti slavery cause. I thoroughly agree with Dr. Cheever, that all men in America who hold the truth on this subject are bound to be energetically active, not merely testifying, but acting and calling upon all their fellow-citizens to act too. Why, some years ago, there might be some pretence for saying that it was enough for anti-slavery men in America to bear testimony against slavery, to circulate information on the subject, and to endeavor, through the press and otherwise, to leaven the public mind with sound views; there might be some shadow of pretence for this some years ago, when, as it seemed, the line was drawn, and slavery was limited and pent up—pent up within a certain space, within which there was some prospect that it might die out in course of time—that enlightened views might come to prevail, and that slavery might expire under the influence of truth; but the course of things has been entirely and altogether altered since slavery has taken the aggressive—since slavery in America, not content with being tolerated in the places to which it was restricted, became aggressive in the worst sense—aggressive not merely in a lawful way—through the Legislature, in procuring the passing of such infamous acts as the Fugitive Slave law—but aggressive by the bowie-knife and the rifle (cheers), as witness a Senator struck down on the floor of the Senate—aggressive, moreover, by force of arms, as witness the atrocities and illegal proceedings that have disgraced the province of Kansas (renewed cheers). And, worst of all, these movements of slavery, so far from having been checked by the general Legislature of America, are getting the countenance of that Legislature, so that such enormities as those of Kansas, confessedly illegal as they are, are really supported and upheld by the whole force of the United States army (cheers). Now, in these circumstances, the case has been altogether altered; and, as to any hope which might have been entertained of the evil being pent up in certain localities, and silently and gradually disappearing under the progress of enlightened views, these must be given up; for we have here a hostile power—hostile to liberty, hostile to God, and hostile to man—raising itself in increased strength, drawn forth not from above, but from beneath, bursting the bounds within which it was hoped it had been fettered, and coming forth to pollute the free air of the North, and to debauch men's minds all over America, and by sheer force of arms, and by the sheer force of importunity in the Legislature, threatening to break up the Union, and to compel the free soil of America to be stained by the curse of slavery (cheers). The time has now, therefore, fully come for Christian men and Christian Churches acting upon this belief, and especially in the whole of the Northern States, and for awaking to a sense of their responsibility in connection with the exercise of their political rights. Dr. Candlish here referred to Dr. Cheever's volume, "God Against Slavery," and stated that, after having read it, he found that there was no ground for the supposition that Dr. Cheever entertained ultra or extreme views on the subject of slavery, or advocated the cause in an injudicious spirit, but heartily subscribed to every sentence and word in this noble work, as he thought it was fitted to carry conviction, and ultimately to enlist the enthusiasm, of every friend of the gospel, as well as of every friend of the slave. He further stated that a considerable portion of the volume was taken up with Dr. Cheever's defence of himself against the allegation of political preaching because he denounced slavery, pointed out the national sin of which they were guilty, and declared that it would bring down on the land that tolerated it the judgments of Heaven; and showed, by an appeal to the Old Testament prophets, and especially Jeremiah, that the same charge could be brought against them as had been brought against him; for Jeremiah, in the most emphatic and indignant terms, denounced this very sin of man-stealing, man-selling, and slaveholding, on its first entrance systematically into the land of Israel and of Judah, as filling up the cup of Judah's iniquity. Dr. Candlish quoted from Dr. Cheever's work in illustration of this, and also for the purpose of showing that Dr Cheever held no extreme views in regard to the sin of slaveholding, in the sense that he would make no allowance for any circumstances that might hinder a man from getting rid of the possession of slaves, but who, at the same time, were not regarded or treated by him as such, but that his statements in this respect were singularly cautious, candid and charitable. He also referred to the address, sent by the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland to the Presbyterian Church of America in 1846, on the subject of slavery—the views of which, in substance, corresponded with those of Dr. Cheever, said that the reply of the American Presbyterian Church was to the effect that they would beg them not to trouble them any more about this matter; and, returning to Dr. Cheever's book, said he believed they had in this book a conclusive proof that no such a thing as slavery—nothing approaching to a man stealing another and holding him as goods and chattels—existed in the nation of Israel down to the very eve of the Babylonish captivity, when the institution of slavery filled up the measure of Judah's iniquity. For that service they owed Dr. Cheever inestimable thanks. The system that prevailed among the Jews was not a system of buying and selling men; it was a system of a man purchasing a man from himself, and for a limited time, and nothing more; and there was nothing in the slightest degree analogous in it either to man-stealing, or to man-selling, or to slaveholding, the sin with which America was chargeable at this moment; and those who were standing up to denounce this great national sin deserved the sympathy of the community of Great Britain. Evidently matters are coming (said Dr. Candlish) to a crisis in America. Talk as they may about the risk of the Union being dissolved, most plain it is that the parties of the North and the South, the free and the slave parties of America, must now either come to an understanding or they will be met by an earthquake or volcano. I do not find that Dr. Cheever advocates any very extreme views, even as regards abolition itself. The stress of his book is against the iniquity of those laws and proceedings that tend to defend and extenuate slavery. So far as I recollect, he refers to abolition much in this way—that if there were proclaimed a law that after fifty years there should be a jubilee, as there was in the land of Israel, great good would be done. Of course, I understand that Dr. Cheever means this, that he is clear for a law for proclaiming a jubilee at the end of fifty years, when all should go forth free; but he is for instant, immediate abolition, as much as I or any man could be who advocates immediate abolition (cheers). He would instantly abolish anything like a right to sell or buy men—anything like a right to disqualify men from entering into the domestic relations of life—anything like a restraint upon the education of any man—anything like interference with his civil rights, or that reduced men to mere goods and chattels (cheers). All that, of course, must be instantly and immediately abolished; but what I understand him to mean is that if this were done instantly and immediately, there would be time for such a gradual preparation as would make the ultimate establishment of equal rights for all Americans a safe and practicable thing (hear, hear). I don't for my own part think, and I don't think Dr. Cheever believes, that anything of that sort is now practicable. I believe it has—as it was in the case of our own West Indian colonies—come to be a question of now or never (cheers). Instant and immediate abolition will be carried, or America is gone. Events are thickening; and I believe that the event that has been announced within these few days of the execution of John Brown is the first blow of the axe that is to be laid to the root of the noxious tree of slavery (cheers). I believe that that event—I know it, indeed, for I have evidence of it in the American newspapers—is raising men in the North, even those who were apt to be passive and quiescent—even those who had great doubts about John Brown's proceedings—is rousing them to a ferment of indignation; and in the very first meeting of Congress the two parties met—the party demanding inquiry of the North as to John Brown's expedition, met by the party demanding inquiry of the South as to the proceedings in Kansas. Let them meet, and let them fight it out! (Loud cheers.) Of that expedition of John Brown, which ended so fatally, I am not now to speak. Let every one remember, however, that that expedition is a fruit of the atrocities of Kansas (cheers). There, John Brown was exasperated, if ever man was. There, by the loss of two noble sons, and by other inflictions too much almost for humanity to bear, this man was roused—I had almost said roused perhaps to madness; but no!—all about his proceedings bears the aspect of calm, deliberate, temperate judgment. There is no bloodthirstiness, no desire for violence. There is simply a desire to emancipate some, more or less, of his poor oppressed fellow-men (cheers). In the expedition he played a high game; and he has lost and paid the forfeit in the loss of his two sons and that of his own life. I am not here to discuss the question as to the expedition. One may ask of that terrible execution of John Brown, what less could Virginia have done—Virginia, backed as it was by the whole power of the United States? There is one thing I will state, viz., surely that man was entitled to be tried by the whole of the United States, and not by one particular province of it; it may have been law, but I speak of justice. But supposing that the State of Virginia could not do otherwise than execute John Brown, I would just say that in the same sense I would be called upon to admit of the days of old that, with the power held by Lauderdale and his crew, they could not do otherwise than execute Argyle, Guthrie, and the men who fought at the Pentlands (cheers). And, then, if I am asked about the expedition, I would be very much inclined to say that if I am to shrink from answering whether it was treason or not, whether it was defensible or not for men to rise, I must have shrunk in the days of old from the question put, under the pressure perhaps of the "boots," whether I condemned the rising of Bothwell Brig as rebellion and treason—yea or nay (cheers). I am very much inclined to put the two in the same category (renewed cheers), and I would be as loath to condemn John Brown as I would be loath to condemn the rising of Bothwell Brig (continued cheers); and, therefore, I hold that just as the blood of these martyrs—martyrs for Christ's Crown and Covenant in these days of old—kept alive the spirit of liberty, even when the days were getting darker and darker, and ultimately insured the triumph of civil and religious liberty, so it is my firm and deliberate conviction that this first shedding of blood on the scaffold by the Slave Power, in the person of such a man as John Brown—a man of God, I say, sir, for all the evidence proves him to have been so—a man misled, perhaps; but if misled, which I don't admit he was, he was misled by his compassion for poor, wretched, degraded men lying under the lash of the master (cheers)—I say the shedding of this man's blood will rouse the spirit of liberty, and will keep it alive until slavery shall lie prostrate, as Dagon did, a stump before the ark of God, in the idol's temple (loud cheers). And now my own impression is that in supporting Dr. Cheever, we are supporting him in doing, in a thoroughly legal way, very much what John Brown attempted to do. If John Brown had succeeded in carrying off some 300,000 or 400,000 to Canada, who would not have cheered him, and called him patriot and philanthropist?—who would not have been glad to fall down at his feet and hail him as his country's deliverer? (Loud cheers.) He did not succeed; but I will not on that account consent to his being denounced and slain as a murderer (loud and prolonged cheers). Dr. Cheever is doing practically very much the same thing legally that John Brown attempted by the hand of force. Dr. Cheever is attempting, and attempting successfully, to rouse the consciences of men practically, in immediate connection with the discharge of their own duties as citizens, in relation to this enormous sin of American slavery. I trust Dr. Cheever's testimony will rally round him a noble band who will throw themselves into the same cause, and with the same cordiality and enthusiasm which he has manifested. If we had at this moment some dozen Dr. Cheevers in the Northern States of America—if we had some dozen ministers like-minded with Dr. Cheever, and working with equal energy in the cause, we might hope for a settlement of this great question without anarchy, division or bloodshed; but, if there be not such a body of men ready to rally round him, I really fear that the sore must go on, getting more and more exasperating, until nothing but the immediate interposition of God, or God leaving the nation to utter anarchy, and confusion, and bloodshed, will solve the deepening difficulty of this great question of slavery (cheers). Dr. Candlish concluded by moving a resolution to the effect that the meeting concur in a resolution adopted privately, that there was evidence enough to show that Dr. Cheever had borne testimony against the sin of slavery, which had involved him in great pecuniary difficulties; and resumed his seat amid loud cheers.

The Rev. Jonathan Watson, in seconding the resolution, said Dr. Candlish had done the work so clean that he left nothing for him to say. A nobler display of British eloquence and of manly Christian sentiment than that to which they had just listened had not been heard since the days of Dr. Andrew Thomson; and the speech of Dr. Candlish carried him back to his younger days, when they listened to the eloquence of Brougham, Buxton, Wilberforce, and others, in the British Senate, on this very subject of slavery, as it existed in their colonies. Mr. Watson then briefly alluded to the noble conduct exhibited by Miss Johnstone, a member of Dr. Cheever's congregation, who had come to this country, and was at present engaged in endeavoring to procure some aid for Dr. Cheever in the conflict which he was waging against slavery and the Slave Power in America (applause). All honor to that lady, and all success to the cause in which she was engaged.

The resolution was put from the chair, and carried with acclamation.

Dr. Alexander moved the next resolution, and said it spoke for itself, and was to the effect that the fact of such a man as Dr. Cheever being thus situated, and for such a cause, was fitted to awaken grief and alarm in the minds of all friends of liberty, indicating, as it seemed too plainly to do, the prevalence, even in the free States of America and throughout the religious community there, of views on the subject of slavery, and the duty of Christian Churches and Christian men in regard to it, that are in opposition to the spirit of the gospel, and lead to palliate and perpetuate a system which every right-thinking man must desire to see speedily and thoroughly abolished (applause). In supporting this resolution, Dr. Alexander said that Dr. Candlish had, in his able and exhaustive speech, gone so fully into the matter that he had left little or nothing for succeeding speakers. What the meeting was asked to do was to consider whether a man who was occupying the position of Dr. Cheever was to receive their support, or to be left to fall under the opposition to which he was exposed, not so much for any acts of imprudence which he might have committed—none such having been proved against him—but because of the position which he occupied in seeking to oppose and to do away with that tremendous evil which was now oppressing and burdening the United States of America. Dr. Cheever's position at this moment was not merely that of protesting against slavery, but it was the position of a man who had armed himself and had gone down to the arena to take slavery by the throat, and to fight it to the death (cheers). And, in consequence of the stand which he had taken, the attempt was made deliberately to starve him out of the post he occupied, in order to silence his voice in the city where he lived as the great opponent of slavery. It was in these circumstances that they felt themselves bound to come forward, and not only to express their sympathy with him, but also to send him such aid as they could, so that the pecuniary difficulties of his position might be overcome, and he might be enabled to maintain the post which he had hitherto maintained so nobly and so well. He (Dr. Alexander) entirely concurred with Dr. Candlish in thinking that, if there were twelve men or so taking the same position as Dr. Cheever took, not merely theoretically but practically, and willing to peril all upon the advocacy of this great cause, and to fight the monster of slavery to the very death, the anti-slavery question would assume a totally different position from what it had ever assumed in the United States, and that the grand settlement of it in a satisfactory way would not be far distant (cheers). In the appeal which they were now making to the Christian public of this city and country on behalf of Dr. Cheever, he had a strong conviction that they were taking a step in the right direction; for in the post which Dr. Cheever occupied he had opportunities of doing immense good; and they were also helping forward a cause, the triumph of which would be one of the greatest benefits which could happen to the United States. He entirely concurred in the sentiments that had been already uttered on this subject; for he believed that slavery was the great blot on the escutcheon of the American republic; and that if that question were brought to a satisfactory settlement now, a prodigious impulse would be given to the great energies of that mighty people. Her eagle, which was now partly chained, would then proudly stand erect and free, and would soar in the atmosphere of her noble destinies without a fetter to retard her progress, and without a cloud to settle on her wing (loud cheers).

Dr. Guthrie, in seconding the motion, said that, late as was the hour, he could not help saying that he heartily concurred in everything that had been said by preceding speakers. I believe (he said) slavery to be the sum of all villanies; I believe it to be the origin of the worst evils that afflict humanity (cheers)—and I entirely agree with that old Englishman, Dr. Johnson, when he proposed as one of his toasts—and although I am not in the habit of drinking toasts (laughter), I would be disposed to give this one, premising it by saying under circumstances that promise success, "The next insurrection of the slaves!" (Loud cheers). I hold that by the honor which I render to Sir William Wallace, to

country always is. Common action between a small semi-barbarous population and a large and comparatively enlightened one must be very difficult; but the remedy clearly lies in throwing down the barrier which has hitherto separated the two sections of the nation. The one cause of quarrel removed, the intercourse of the two sections may by degrees recover its tone. The fortunes of the South will revive wherever slavery is abolished; and the colleges of the North will be sought by the youth of the South, as formerly; and in a generation or two a great amelioration of manners may be wrought by prosperity and peace.

One great fact which is too seldom considered on this side the water, at least, is that the Northern States have themselves abolished slavery on their own territory. They know how it may be done, for they have done it—under the great disadvantage, too, of the continued depression of the negro class, from their being still held as slaves within the same nation. They well know that the experiment has answered wherever it has been tried; and that the Southern slave-owners would at once increase their property, secure their safety, and recover the many social blessings they have surrendered, by simply making hired servants of their negroes. Payment of wages, instead of supplying subsistence, and admitting a change of masters, was the simple method by which the slaves of half the Union were emancipated; and little more would be necessary in the grosser condition of Southern slavery. This, however, is for the Southern States to consider. What concerns the North is that the institution should be confined to the respective States, and not forced upon the Federal government.

The reason for mentioning it here is that *The Times* presumes so far upon the ignorance of its readers as to say that the aim of the anti-slavery majority is to establish a half-caste state of society and administration of government, inducing a deterioration of race and of civilization. The answer to this is very short. In the North, where slavery was abolished long ago, there are no half-castes, except such as have come from the South. All the half-castes that exist are the offspring of slavery; and in the South, they are all included in the four million slaves. Four millions against twenty-three millions—that is the proportion; and the dark race have always shown a repugnance to intermixture with the whites which white slave owners alone appear not to reciprocate. With the dying out of the dissolution of manners which has produced a half-caste population, the danger, if there be any, will die out also. Meantime, it is precisely where the negroes are free that there is no admixture of races.

The great meeting in Boston, on behalf of the Union, was of a somewhat different character from what *The Times* supposes, as one single incident will show. It was called, it is true, by men who, like Mr. Everett, have ruined their political career and forfeited their standing in the community by subservience to the noisy oligarchy at Washington; but whether the spirits they called from the vasty deep did come at their call is another affair. The Hon. Caleb Cushing spoke to the same effect as Mr. Everett, and with no better success. He asked the five thousand citizens who crammed Faneuil Hall whether they would not control the Abolitionists. Are there no men in New England, he asked, who will take these rampant fellows by the throat? Silence. He proceeded to name them; and at each name there was a burst of vehement and long-continued cheering—the Balaam curse invoked by those who had sent for it.

This is a significant sign of the times in the leading State of the Union. The leading State of the Southern section, Virginia, is, however, showing signs no less important. Several of the chief citizens are preparing to leave—not only the State, but the country altogether. For two years past, Virginia has been rapidly emptied of slaves, through the growing insecurity of that kind of property, and yet more through the spreading desire for free labor among the residents in the agricultural districts. At present, when mysterious lights go up every night from the mountains about Harper's Ferry, and are answered from various parts of the horizon, while neither police nor military can detect their origin—now when incendiary fires take place almost nightly, no doubt at the hands of the negroes; now when Virginia lies under the liabilities of a frontier State, the more timid or wealthy of her citizens see no prospect of peace and quiet for a long time to come, and propose to realize their property, and pass over to Europe for the rest of their lives. We may hope they will think better of it, and see their duty more clearly; but we are concerned with it only as a sign of the times.

Another sign approaches us more nearly. We have had too good reason to know that the Americans of the South derive their notion of the Irish from John Mitchel, and a fearful evidence of this has come to light in the shape of a circular widely transmitted by a Committee in Alabama to the Irish in New York. This circular, which we reprint from the New York *Journal of Commerce*, invites the Irish, as the friends of the South, to act in its interest, and gain thanks and rewards by acts of incendiarism which are minutely described; by burning factories and granaries belonging to Abolitionists. This fact will appear incredible only to those who know what the barbarism of the extreme South is, and who bear in mind that the filibusterism of the United States is supported by the barbaric element there, the poor and uneducated whites.

This leads us on to the consideration of our own concern in the great conflict now going forward. It is interesting to us that the great Republic should be a success and not a failure; a genuine republic, and not a polity compounded of despotism and slavery. It is interesting to us that the Union should endure, and not fall to pieces through an explosion which may be averted. It is interesting to us that filibustering practices and indefensible wars should cease; and it is slavery which breeds such crimes. It is interesting to us that the African slave trade should cease; and it will cease whenever American slavery comes to an end. It is interesting to us that a good understanding should exist between the British and American governments and people; and it is perfectly understood that the interruptions of cordiality, which have become more and more frequent as the domestic conflict became increasingly embarrassing to the Washington Cabinet, are owing to the prevalence of a turbulent spirit in the officers of the State. We have an illustration near at hand.

The difficulties always arise from the action of some blustering or short-sighted official personage or agent, who commits some aggression, or imputes it to us. It is the slaveholding oligarchy which has filled up the offices of the State for a long course of years; and it is its own temper which is shown in such quarrels. The latest is the San Juan affair, in which Gen. Harney was the aggressor—as we may now call him, his acts having been reversed by his own government. This Gen. Harney was, as Major Harney, the owner, twenty-five years ago, of two slaves, husband and wife (so called). By the evidence before the Court at St. Louis, Mo., the woman, being suspected of having hidden a bunch of keys, was flogged and tortured by her master for three days, at the end of which she died. The jury declared themselves unable to decide whether the mangling they witnessed was done by the whip alone or by hot irons; but the belief was that both were employed. The husband, the father of her many children, a man of superior ability and character, was suspected by the Major of having whispered to neighbors his fears about his wife; and he was subjected to similar treatment at the same hands till, unable to endure more, he wrenched himself free, and threw himself into the Mississippi. The facts are taken from the records of the slave State in which they happened. It is easy to conceive the indignation of the citizens of Massachusetts and New York at the promotion of a man so stained with crime, and at his having ever had the power of creating a quarrel between his own country and England. We can see how eager the free States will be to secure a better representation of themselves in the eyes of the world; and we may certainly rejoice when peace between the two countries is no longer at the mercy of men born and bred amidst the vitiating influences of slave institutions.

FROM PENNSYLVANIA.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Jan. 24, 1860.

THE Senate was taken by surprise, this morning, on the presentation of a memorial, signed by "John H. Wheeler, a citizen of North Carolina," praying indemnity, by the passage of an act of this Commonwealth, for the loss of services and value of his three slaves—one of whom was his body servant—stolen, or "spirited away," by a citizen of Pennsylvania, in July, 1855, while he, the said Wheeler, was in Philadelphia, on his way through Pennsylvania, westward, for the purpose of embarking for Nicaragua, to which Government he had been accredited as Minister from that of the United States. The complainant estimates his loss at $5,000. [The citizen of Pennsylvania above alluded to, is generally supposed to be Passmore Williamson.]

The Speaker of the Senate presented petitions, numerously signed by citizens of the Counties of Mercer and Lawrence, praying for the enactment of a law the better to protect personal liberty, and also to prohibit the surrender from our borders of any human being claimed as a slave.

A LETTER FROM THE WIDOW OF JOHN BROWN.

To the Editor of The New York Tribune.

SIR: Through the columns of *The Tribune*, I wish to correct some misrepresentations afloat in the country through the medium of a small book, namely, that Mr. Brown was guilty of several murders, among which were the wives of two men, whose bodies (the wives) he burned to ashes to escape detection. Now, permit me to say to whom it may concern that it is not at all strange to me that pro-slavery men should rack their inventive genius, fired by frenzy, even to the last extreme and desperation, to fabricate and set afloat false statements to prevent a sale of the memoirs of the life of one whose influence, with that of others, in the scale of liberty, operates so powerfully against them, both morally and politically. False witnesses appeared against the great Savior of men, both before and after his death; and is it not enough for the servant if he can fare as well as his Master did? The public may rest assured that Mr. Brown never committed the murders and the burning of the bodies of murdered wives to ashes, which are so maliciously alleged against him; nor ever confessed any such thing. Neither do the reading, thinking, liberty-loving part of the community believe that such reports have even the shadow of a foundation. The spirit and tenor of his letters, his speeches, and his deportment, read by the civilized world during the last few weeks of his earthly career, testify conclusively and unmistakably to the character of the man.

North Elba, Jan. 17, 1860. MARY ANN BROWN.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, No. 5 Beekman street, New York.*"

NOTICE.

A NUMBER of our subscribers who are receiving their bills about this time will observe that a fraction over the usual price of the paper is charged. It is proper to explain that this difference is made that the year for which they have subscribed may be brought in accordance with the year of the volume. For instance, a subscriber whose year expires April 2d is charged 24 cents additional, so that he may begin the year hereafter in May with No. I. of the new volume. The arrangement is both for his convenience and ours.

ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

THE Abolitionists of Massachusetts who assembled themselves together, according to their annual usage, the last week, had their meeting again baptised in sorrow. Last May they had to mourn over the instant loss of the earnest and generous Hovey, as the year before they had their gathering darkened by the funeral of the long tried and beloved Loring. The pang which this newest grief struck to many hearts was the keener for its suddenness. The last illness of Mrs. Follen was short, and was known to most of that Anti-Slavery assembly first by the announcement of its fatal ending. The tidings could scarce be believed. It was hard to think that Death could still the play of those beaming features, and quench forever the light of those lustrous eyes. None could believe that more than three-score and ten years had passed over one whose heart still glowed with more than the enthusiasm of youth, and whose face was radiant with a better than youthful beauty. What had Death to do with such an one as she?

And yet it was not an unmeet time for her departure from the earth. A life that had given the flower of its prime of womanhood and the ripe fruition of its age as a free-will offering to the service of the American Slave was not unfitly ended at a season especially appointed for his helping. In life, she would not have failed to lend the light of her countenance, the sympathy of her heart, the wisdom of her counsel, to that congenial Anniversary. In death, she hallowed it, and made it epochal in the memories of many hearts. Mrs. Follen has been so long an integral part of the Anti-Slavery movement that it is hard to understand how it can exist without her. Very few indeed, none but the very earliest of its founders, could claim precedence of her in its list of honor. As soon as its banner was unfolded, she and her admirable husband—her fitting mate, and a man whose character it is no vulgar abuse of terms to call illustrious—were among the very first that rallied to it, in the days of its very smallest things. So small were they that the fury of the storm it was soon to excite was looked for by none. But when it came, they faced it together, and stood unshaken when it was at its fiercest. The danger in which social position, ancient friendships, professional standing, the chances of useful labor even, were of being swept away never daunted those serene and faithful souls. Nor did metaphysical refinings, however recommended by warm personal friendship, and urged by the highest intellectual skill, ever lure them to descend to a lower plane of principle or of action than the one on which they had first planted themselves. The fidelity of both was unswerving unto death. Neither of them knew selfishness or fear.

For more than half of her anti-slavery life, Mrs. Follen has been immediately connected with the conducting of the Movement, as a member of the Committees of the American and the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies. To this service she brought her rare natural gift of organization, which was to be seen in the daily beauty of her domestic life and the details of her refined and happy home. No one was clearer of vision as to what should be done and as to the method of doing it. Nothing was too great or too little for her activity of mind and of hand. Few persons have ever had more direct power over all that came within the reach of her influence, or such a gift to set the mind thinking and the body busy in whatever work she had in hand. To her long experience in the cause she added an intuition into its nature and its needs, at each successive crisis of its fate, and an enthusiasm of feeling and of manner, in developing it, which made her the wisest, the discreetest, the best and the most delightful of counsellors and of co-workers. The secret of it all lay more in the heart than in the head. It came from the singleness of her devotion to the Anti-Slavery Cause. It was entire, disinterested, fearless. Though baptized into the spirit of love, and believing in the power of love as the motive power of the machine rather than in that of criticism, she had no mawkish sentimentalism which shrunk from the true characterization of baseness, cruelty or hypocrisy. Bringing, as she did, the powers of her acute and well-cultured intellect to bear upon the development and organization of her intuitive apprehensions of what was right—

> "The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength and skill"—

those only who have rejoiced in her sympathy and her help can fully understand the loss her death brings to them and to the cause she loved best.

It was this principle of perfect love, which not only casteth out fear, but giveth clearness of vision and perfectness of action, that informed her whole character and shone from her whole presence. To love, with her, was to live. While here below, she was but a little lower than the angels,

> "Who by *to love*, do apprehend *to be*."

With the impulsive energies of the poetic temperament, she possessed its sympathetic and magnetic forces. No one could be in her society without feeling how magical a sway her mind exerted over his. Her powers of conversation were of the highest and rarest description. Mrs. Follen was an authoress of no small reputation. She has written many books, some of which have a wide reputation and will become a permanent portion of English literature. Her life of her husband has been pronounced, by high English critical authority, a perfect example of that most difficult kind of composition. Some of her fugitive poems are among the most beautiful in the language. But no one who judges of her powers or her graces by her published works can have any adequate idea of them. Her fluent tones, her wealth of pictured words, her fertility of imagery and illustration, her flashing wit, her earnest eloquence, the musical contagion of her laugh, are things which have died with her, or live only in the remembrance of those that knew and loved her. But they are many. She made friends everywhere. It was an essential element of her being. Virtue went out from her and drew those whom she approached close to her, heart to heart. Widely distant from one another, scattered over two continents, will loving hearts grieve in common over the tidings of her death, and mourn with the mourners she has left desolate in her home. Yet not desolate, for her love and her example, which had blest, and perhaps shaped, their truest life, will dwell with them to the end.

Thus much the simplest sense of duty to our dead friend—so benignant, so honored, so beloved—demands to be said at the soonest moment after our great loss. Scarcely parted from the presence of the dead, almost breathing the air of the home she had made so happy, stirred by tender memories going back through the entire of life to the earliest days of childhood, we have not the heart, if we had the gift, to attempt to portray her fitly. To delineate the fine shades and delicate contrasts of her mind, to treat of her genius as well as of her worth, as it should be done, must be left to more discriminating minds and firmer hands than ours. And we are sure that this is a labor of love which love will not permit to rest long undone.

THE NEW YORK CONVENTIONS.

ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 30, 1860.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Of the series of New York Conventions advertised by you, all have been held except the last, in this city—the annual State Convention—which commences, in Association Hall, to-morrow evening. Since my last letter to you, we have visited Poughkeepsie, Hudson, Troy and Easton.

At Poughkeepsie our Convention was largely attended, and was characterized by a deep and lively interest throughout. WILLIAM DE GARMO, Esq., of Poughkeepsie, presided. The last evening, three or four intoxicated "Democrats" came into the Convention with the manifest intention of creating disturbance, but they were very promptly attended to and summarily dealt with by the police. It is a significant sign of the times that, of late, radical anti-slavery meetings are beginning to receive their due measure of respect and attention at the hands even of the police.

At Hudson our audiences were not large, though larger than those of any previous Convention in that city, and at no place in the State have we met a more cordial reception or been greeted by more thoughtful and intelligent listeners. A. M. POWELL, of Ghent, presided; CYRUS MACY and MARIA MARRIOTT, of Hudson, were Vice-Presidents, and SOLOMON V. GIFFORD Secretary. *The Hudson Star* gave a synopsis of our proceedings, and published in full our resolutions.

Mr. GARRISON lectured last winter, for the first time, in both Poughkeepsie and Hudson. Though, from untoward circumstances, his audiences were small, his influence was felt, nevertheless, greatly to the advantage of our cause, and gained for it much respect and confidence from the right sort of people.

At Troy we had a repetition somewhat of our experience at Buffalo—that is, with the so-called *Republican* press. *The Times* was particularly unscrupulous and savage towards us, and poured all the contempt and ridicule it could manufacture upon our meeting, but, I judge, rather to its own disadvantage than ours. *The Arena* gave a somewhat extended and partially truthful report, with the resolutions of our meeting. Our audience, not numerous, was a very intelligent and appreciative one. Newspapers in this country will, I trust, some day find that they cannot longer afford to villify and misrepresent Abolitionists and their cause as they have been wont to do in years past. Many Republicans, both in Buffalo and Troy, expressed strong disgust and disapprobation at the course pursued toward us by their journals in those cities.

Our last Convention was held at Easton (Washington County), on the 28th and 29th inst., in the Friends' meeting-house. JOSEPH W. PECKHAM presided. Here we always have good meetings. At Easton we have, as at no other point in the State, a large circle of generous-hearted, faithful and uncompromising friends. The ground was early and most thoroughly broken up here by STEPHEN S. and ABBY KELLEY FOSTER; and of those in this State who were first awakened to an anti-slavery life by their devoted missionary labors, more continue a lively interest in the cause here than in any locality with which I am acquainted. One noble woman, the real "Mother in Israel," ESTHER WILBUR, a worthy compeer of Abby Kelley Foster, has, since the last annual Convention here, been removed by death. She was greatly beloved, and a woman of much personal power. AARON M. POWELL offered the following resolution, which was unanimously responded to by the Convention:

> Whereas, since our last annual gathering, our beloved friend and valued coadjutor, ESTHER WILBUR, whose cheering presence and co-operation we have so long enjoyed, has been removed from this sphere to another and a higher type of life;
>
> Resolved, That the lesson of her example, unselfish, full of usefulness, heroic, and truly religious, we would fondly cherish and perpetuate by our own more thorough and uncompromising consecration to the cause of the oppressed, so near to her heart.

Other resolutions, of a most stirring and radical character, from the pen of PARKER PILLSBURY, similar to those published by you last week, were discussed and adopted.

A. M. P.

THE LEMMON CASE.

THE following account of the argument in this case we find in the correspondence of *The Tribune*. We hope the suggestion that the arguments be published in pamphlet will be carried out.

THE LEMMON CASE IN THE COURT OF APPEALS.

The Court of Appeals to-day was a scene of unusual forensic display and interest. The Lemmon case, destined to be as celebrated as the Somerset case, was before the Court for argument. Charles O'Conor reiterated the doctrines of his Union-saving speech in an intensified form. I have seldom seen an audience so evidently amazed and startled by strange doctrines as the one that listened to Mr. O'Conor. The clergy, the bar and the Legislature, were represented in the crowd that filled the room. Reporters were present, who, I trust, will give to the public a *verbatim* report of all that was said.

In the course of Mr. O'Conor's argument, he announced his recognition of the "higher law" in eloquent and unmistakable terms. Everybody felt that Mr. Seward was at last fully vindicated by the ablest lawyer among all his political opponents. This portion of Mr. O'Conor's speech is certain to attract great attention.

His chief point seemed to be that *negro* slavery has no relation to the principles of slavery and freedom in the abstract. If it had, then all the doctrines of the Abolitionists are irrefutable—then John Brown deserved to rank with Emmett, Kosciusko and Lafayette. Aye, he placed him even higher than these worthies.

Wendell Phillips, in his best mood, never paid John Brown such a splendid eulogium as fell to-day from the lips of Charles O'Conor! All based, mind you, upon that "if." If negro slavery be unjust—if the people of the Free States cannot be convinced that it is *not* unjust—then the Union cannot be easily preserved.

It was plainly observed that when Mr. O'Conor argued for slavery he labored hard, with hesitating words and faulty sentences, while in his passages upon the Higher Law and Liberty he was surpassingly eloquent.

I need not allude to the other points of Mr. O'Conor's argument, nor to the able speeches of Messrs. Blunt and Evarts on the other side. The whole argument on both sides will be widely circulated and read, in newspaper and in pamphlet, all over the country. It should be made the staple document of the present exciting crisis. Never before was the great question so ably and concisely argued. No reading man can pass it by. The decision probably will not be rendered in the case until the next term—in March.

The cause of freedom, we learn, was well sustained by Mr. Evarts. The Albany *Journal* thus alludes to him and the trial.

"The large and intelligent audience attending the Court of Appeals for the last two days, listening to the argument in the 'Lemmon Case,' was unanimous in praise of the masterly effort of Mr. EVARTS, the counsel for New York. A more finished argument has seldom, if ever, been presented to any Court. Every one who heard it remarked its complete refutation of Mr. O'Conor's points. Step by step, for four hours, the learned counsel covered every inch of ground in his great argument. No possible point was left exposed, until at the conclusion everybody felt that the case was already decided. Mr. O'Conor seemed impressed with the same feeling, for his closing speech was marked with a bitterness and sarcasm unusual and unbecoming in so grave a case. Mr. Evarts has placed beyond doubt his right to be ranked among the foremost lawyers of our country."

THE WISCONSIN RESCUE CASES.—The engrossment of our columns by the Harper's Ferry affair must be our apology for neglecting to put on record, at the proper time, the last step in the progress of the Booth Rescue cases in Wisconsin. Reminded of our neglect by the request of a highly valued friend for information upon the subject, we will now state that the cases came up, some weeks since, in the Supreme Court of the State, upon a motion by the U. S. District Attorney to file (in other words, to obey) the mandate of the U. S. Supreme Court reversing the decision of the State Court against the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave law. The effect of this motion, if it had prevailed, would have been to annihilate the power of the writ of *habeas corpus* in its application to prisoners condemned for aiding in the escape of fugitive slaves, and the efficacy of the process of *replevin* for the protection of property seized for payment of fines under the U. S. slave-catching statute. The motion, we are glad to be able to say, failed, though Chief-Justice Dixon (holding under a temporary appointment by the Republican Governor of the State) delivered an affirmative opinion. Judge Cole, however, dissented, and this was sufficient to block the movement of the slave-catching party, without the voice of Judge Paine, who, having in the earlier stages of the case acted as Booth's counsel, was constrained to leave the matter in the hands of his colleagues. We are at a loss to see how the Supreme Court at Washington can take any further step in the matter. The people of Wisconsin will be required to say, by their choice of a Chief Justice at the next election, whether they will stand by the doctrine of State sovereignty or pass again under the yoke of the Slave Power. The Slave Democracy, we observe, have nominated Judge Dixon, in the hope of dividing and defeating the Republican party upon this issue. We cannot deny that we feel some anxiety for the result.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.,

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

In the Tremont Temple, Boston, Jan. 26, 1860.

MR. CHAIRMAN, AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: For one, I accept, with very great satisfaction, the theory of race which our eloquent friend (the Rev. J. Sella Martin, a colored man) has unfolded, so ingeniously and so clearly, in regard to the ultimate purpose and use of the presence of the negro on this continent. I never did dread that terrible word *amalgamation*. I hold it to be the secret of almost all progress, viewed from the point of race. We Saxons were nothing while we were pure Saxons. I hold the German race, now, at a sad discount, on many points, and the English race superior to it in those very respects, because the English race adopted the principle of amalgamation. The German gets blind over his book, and is contented to be a civil slave. Gottingen, and Dresden, and Munich, have not even the glimmer of that political liberty which is supposed to belong to the Saxon blood, and there is no explanation of Jury trial, and *Habeas Corpus*, and representative government, and individual independence, and civil liberty, as they exist in the three Islands, but on the doctrine of that mixture of races which has made the prime, chief, consummate flower of civilization, the English blood. And I believe, with Mr. Martin, that, as far as our eyes can divine the future of Providence, it means that the next chapter of the progress of race shall be another mixture of that English blood, that our thirty States are probably to receive the finish and complement of civilization by the melting of the negro into the various races that congregate on this continent, and that the historian of a hundred years hence will view with utter incredulity the popular nightmare of amalgamation, and will trace some of the brightest features of that American character which is to take its place in the catalogue of the world's great races, to the root of this black race, mingling with the others that stand around them. Undoubtedly, to every thoughtful mind, that is the ultimate solution of the problem which is working out in these States.

I have not time, if I had any disposition, to break a lance or two with our friend (Mr. Martin) in regard to his ecclesiastical position. He says he was a man long before he was a minister. Well, I am glad to say that he seems to be a man now, also (laughter). There are a great many who were men so long before they were ministers, that the memory of man runneth not back to the time (great laughter and applause). But it is not of any great consequence that I should endeavor even to explain what I think are some of his mistakes in regard to Garrisonian ecclesiastical theories. We arrive at about the same result. He says the Churches are "synagogues of Satan," and so do we (laughter); and as to what shall be done with them, and how they shall be considered as parts of Christ's seamless garment, perhaps we will discuss to-morrow morning. But, at any rate, they are "synagogues of Satan," that is enough for me; I think that is agreement enough for one speech.

I do wish to say a word in regard to some of those topics of the Anti-Slavery enterprise which have been touched upon in our meeting to-day. I do not myself augur such an immense increase of real anti-slavery feeling, much less action, from the large audiences and great attention that we get, of late years; I think there is a sort of æsthetic Anti-Slavery. Men come here—far more truly, and emphatically, go to the Plymouth Church in Brooklyn—as they would go to any other intellectual entertainment of a rare order. They have the good taste to know where they shall find the finest material, and there they resort. The attendance of Ward Beecher's congregation does not prove that they have any interest in Anti-Slavery, or any design to lead an Anti-Slavery life. They want the most profound pathos, the most eloquent appeals, the most picturesque painting, the most moving language, the most natural manner, the deepest heart; and, of course, they take refuge from the iceberg of the *New York Observer*, to melt in the Plymouth Church (laughter). But they don't go out from those walls with any design of doing an Anti-Slavery act; and many go not out from these meetings with any such purpose. I am afraid that a large share of the attention is very much like that which is given to The Octoroon, or any other striking spectacle. For it is true, and it is not conceit in ourselves to recognize it, that the Anti-Slavery movement has realized that level, secured that public attention, has hold of those great national and religious problems, which are the best food for any minds that seek to be fed. It is only saying that we are a decent people, in saying that, at last, men know where they will find the most interesting discussions in Anniversary Week. I do not, therefore, augur so large an increase of Anti-Slavery feeling from these signs. Anti-Slavery meetings, interesting as they are from the quick retort, the keen encounter, the personal criticism, the living and vital interest of every-day questions, are not the points by which you are to test the growth of the cause. Go with me to the boarding-houses of Boston—those of the young men from twenty to thirty, married and unmarried—listen to the oft-repeated offensive term for the negro, which never ought to pass decent lips; listen to the perpetual insult, not indifference but insult, to the Anti-Slavery movement; go up and down the walks of commerce; see how real is the hostility, in view of the contingent loss of business; go anywhere in society, and see how utterly the prejudice against the black man rules in the heart of Anglo-Saxons, how ready every man is to find some excuse for his indifference or his antagonism, to lose himself in the cobweb of excuses that any man can make up for doing nothing—excuses which would be tenable only here, which vanish in the atmosphere of any other nation than ours. I remember, for instance, a friend telling me that in Germany, a year or two ago, a very distinguished Professor of our country, learned and widely known, was attacked, by a German Professor of the same standing, who was anxious to know why he was not an Abolitionist. The American thought it was a good opportunity to air his American excuses. Accordingly, he entered into an elaborate account of the inter-weaving of National and State governments—how far Massachusetts was from South Carolina—how we couldn't abolish slavery there—how our fathers made a Constitution—how it was a very delicate question—the Seven Years' War—the patriarchal institution—Mr. Webster—Mr. Choate, and so forth. And after he had made a very large chapter, he turned to his friend, and said: "I suppose you see, now, how I stand, and how real our isolation, and the impossibility of any action at the North on the subject of Anti-Slavery. I suppose what I have said is sufficient." The German took his pipe out of his mouth, and said: "It ish very shlim!" (Laughter.) It was, indeed, very slim. The excuses vanished like thin air. They didn't get a hold; they didn't lodge a moment in the clear intellect and moral light of the European.

Now, in our country, we have got, with our Anti-Slavery enterprise, eighteen million of hearts and heads to deal with. Men say we are fanatics. If by fanaticism is meant that we are a class of men, large or small, who lay down rigid rules of right and wrong, who bow to the line, no matter how many chips fly in our faces, who set up the standard of absolute justice, we do just that—we put our feet down on the eternal granite of God's Right and Wrong. Well, of course, it stirs a nation seeking to hide truth from their eyes, and make money, and earn bread, by compromising with justice, selling their neighbor at auction. To be sure, that stirs up all the bad and selfish passions. They say when you fire a gun over placid water, if there is a dead body below, it shows itself. John Brown's rifles brought up all the dead bodies—making Caleb Cushing and Everett show themselves bobbing up to the surface (great merriment). When you approach this sort of truth, you must expect a great uprising of what may be considered the dead and monstrous elements of society, arranging themselves in antagonism against us.

What has been our history? We have begun and carried on the Anti-Slavery agitation. We pledged ourselves to use none but peaceable and Constitutional methods. Now, when, across the distance of half-a-dozen States, we recognize the martyr salut of Harper's Ferry, men charge us with having deserted our principles. Not in the least. What have we been endeavoring to do? We have been trying to bring every earnest soul into a pledge against slavery. We never supposed that we should convert every man to our method. We only said, and mean to say, "Here is the American people—there is the Gibraltar of slavery; we need everything we can get to take it—we mean to rouse everything we can get to the assault." The public opinion that we mean to create is this—it shall convince every man so unalterably of the essential sin and the momentous evil of the slave system that he shall say that before it neither human life, nor religious institutions, nor old parchments, nor parties, are of any value whatever. We said, and we meant to be so understood, that we would create such a public opinion against slavery that the Christian would come out and throw upon the altar his Presbyterianism, his Congregationalism, his Methodism—yes, his Church—at the risk of being called an infidel. We had no Church to throw. We meant and expected also that the man who had rifles would bring them to the altar: and all that I, for one, meant in my pledge to peaceful and Constitutional methods was that, while I believed in types and not in bullets, in brains and not in muskets, in civilization and not in a camp, I stood here to prepare a public opinion that would hold up the man whose heart led to what I think a lower level of assault, but in some respects, for the moment, a more efficient one (applause). I am contented, in part, and for the present, if I may prepare material for John Brown and induce millions to cry out *Amen* to the first echo of his rifles; and that is all that the Anti-Slavery movement has ever intended or professed to do.

But I charge it upon Republicanism itself that any man has found it necessary to have recourse to rifles. What says the candidate for the Speakership of the United States House of Representatives? He says, "I say this charge of interference with slavery in the States is unfounded. The people of Ohio, the State which I have the honor to represent in part, do not wish or design to interfere with the relations existing between the races in the slave States. If I had my voice, I would not have one single political Abolitionist in the Northern States. I am opposed to any interference, by the Northern people, with slavery in the slave States. I act with the Republican party simply because the Republican party resists the extension, but does not seek the abolition, of slavery." Now, Mr. Chairman, for twenty years certain parties have made the heart of the Northern people ache to abolish slavery. Certain parties have stirred up these States till the heart of every thoughtful man longs to see the slave go free. The Saxon race, left to itself, finds vent through the ballot-box; but close up the ballot-box, and it loads the rifle (cheers). The Republican party should write on its banner, "*Abolition of Slavery.*" What if John Sherman and Henry Wilson should avow that the political movement of the Northern States seeks the freedom of every slave, through the Constitution—or over it. For the Constitution was not written by Gabriel, nor nailed to the throne of the Almighty—it is a parchment which man made and man can amend, and there is no reason in the world why there should not be a party with the purpose, avowed from the outset, to abolish slavery in the States—aye, and to change the Constitution of the United States, if necessary. There is a party in England which seeks to put down Bishops; there is a party in England that seeks to overthrow the Aristocracy of the British Government. Why should not a party here avow the purpose to tear out the red stripe of blood in the Constitution of the United States? No reason in the world, except the timidity of men that want to have office in five years instead of fifteen. Now, if you will give the country a party, religious and political, that writes on its banner, "*Every slave ought to be free, and we pledge ourselves, life-long, to the effort to make him so,*" you will unload every musket, you will disarm every physical rebellionist.

I do not believe slavery will go down in blood. There is not blood enough in the thirty-one States to steep it in. We are not a fighting people. Our brains have got beyond it, North and South. We are beyond it, and I should be ashamed if we were not. If, two hundred years ago, this country was planted on a system of education and individual interest in government, and in two hundred years we have not reached that length where war is impossible as a method of reform, I should despond of the school-house and the church. I believe that neither in the North nor South is there any such element as will abolish slavery in blood. The Yankees will not fight. It won't pay. You have to convince the North that slavery is unprofitable before she will get up upon her feet and put it down. Let me show New England that it touches their pockets, and they will rise. Show that it is profitable to put slavery down, and there is not power in the slave States to maintain it. Every thinking man sees that in Kansas and Harper's Ferry. The moment the North resisted in Kansas, the South backed out. The moment Pottawottomie wrote in the blood of the oldest ruffian the purpose of the Northerner to clean out his musket and use it, as he had done eighty years before, the Border Ruffians went back from the line. They came there to find out if Yankee pedlers would fight; they found they would, and they said, "Good morning, gentlemen, we are done with you." The same thing would be true on the broad surface of the Union. The same was true at Harper's Ferry. Virginia was not ready to fight for the slave system. She never will fight for it; but it is not lack of courage that makes her unwilling to fight. She knows that the system is not defensible. She knows that when the North announces its purpose that slavery shall cease, it must cease. She knows as well as you do that when she cries *Union*, she only means robbery. I remember that, when I was a little boy, we went out on a Fourth of July, another boy and I, to Boston Common, where they sold us things that were good to eat—you remember, Mr. Chairman. My companion said, "How much have you got?" I said, "Twenty-five cents. How much have you?" I've got nine-pence. Well," said he, "suppose we divide" (laughter). That is exactly the case with the South. The North has twenty-five cents, the South nine-pence; and she proposes an equal division (renewed laughter and applause). She knows it to-day—she has always known it—that when she cries *Disunion*, she is frightened at her own words. She is not drunk enough, either with pride or the prosperity of the slave system, to believe in disunion. There is a story told of a couple of the sons of Green Erin, who were at the bottom of a building that was about being finished; the scaffolding, three stories high, was about to be removed; and the tall man bet with the little one that he couldn't carry him, in his hod, to the top of the house. They bet a dollar; and the little man took his comrade in his hod, labored up the first scaffold, the second, then the third, and, with heavy tread, making his way from round to round of the ladder, reached the topmost ridge and pitched him on. "Now, give me your dollar." "Och, and by the powers, I was hoping you would drop me, the last two or three rungs!" (Great merriment.) It is exactly so with the South. If she supposed she could be dropped from the Union, she would be like the fellow in the hod. She would be dropped into endless, invisible and abysmal depths, beyond the recognition of the nineteenth century. She doesn't want it. She never means to have it. It will never come in that way. I doubt if it will ever come by the offer of dissolution.

No; the state of our Northern mind is just this. The Anti-Slavery movement has stirred it to its very depths. Made up of religious, literary and political appeal—made up of the fugitive slave travelling through all our borders—made up of the treason of great men like Webster going down to his grave cursed by one half and lamented by the other half of the Union. When such a man as Ward Beecher goes back to his pulpit, and falls into the ranks of the apologists of corrupt ecclesiastical machinery, there is a natural rebound of the thousands that trusted him. He will make many a man a come-outer who trusted that, hanging to his skirts, he might still cry, "I am a church-member; for is not Beecher an Abolitionist?" Such a man is robbed of that excuse; he cannot hide, behind Plymouth Church, from the rebukes of the Garrisonians; and he will be a come-outer. So, when a great politician falls, it makes Abolitionists. We dig men out of the mire into which Daniel Webster plunged them, and set them up on the feet their mothers gave them. This process has been going on for years. John Brown is a part of it, Kansas is a part of it. If the great Republican party had said to Kansas, "No use for your rifles; we will protect you on the floor of the United States Senate; there shall not a man dare to touch a hair of the head of a dweller in the loneliest shanty in Kansas, that the arm of the Union shall not be stretched out efficiently to protect him," there never would have been war in Kansas; there never would have been any border forays. Do you suppose the South can rise up and send out, by hundreds, our merchants, our travellers, our residents, guilty of nothing but a Northern dialect, and, although that craven United States Senate dare not call for the execution of this United States Constitution, which we are called upon to laud every hour of our lives, do you suppose it is forgotten in the records of the Northern people? No. Every one of these men has a circle, and that circle are Garrisonians. One of the young and gallant men of our city, rich, patriotic, brave, ardent, said to me: "I carried a musket down State street when Anthony Burns was carried shamefully back to slavery. Two months after, my own brother, hopelessly ill of consumption, was obliged to skulk through Georgia and the Carolinas in a baggage car, for fear his name, from Boston, should be known, and even the last relics of the strength which disease had left him be taken by tarring and feathering; and that is the last musket that I shall ever raise for the Union of our thirty slave States" (applause.) That conviction to which this young Boston member of our holiday troops came, every circle of these banished men comes to throughout the Union. If you do not give them the ballot-box, they will take the rifle; if you do not give them the Anti-Slavery movement, they will tear the Church to pieces. Men talk of abolishing that movement. Abolish it! You should have heard Ralph Waldo Emerson, at Salem, the other night. "Men talk," said he, "of destroying John Brown; I think the Almighty created mercy as the foe of despots; and I somewhat doubt whether Virginia can annihilate mercy" (applause). "Oh, no," he continued, rising into still finer voice, "that oldest Abolitionist of you all, who piled the Shenandoah mountains, whose first name was Love and his other name Justice—I think He existed before John Brown, and will probably survive him" (renewed applause). I think he will. And unless you give this principle channels, it will tear the Union, Church and State, asunder. While you have a slaveholder in the Presidential chair, while you have cowards in the United States Senate, you will have John Browns at Harper's Ferry. And he is not the last of them. You cannot control it. You must give it channels. Let me borrow again from Emerson. He told us, on this very platform, two years since, that, two hundred years ago, men said there is a devil in every tea-kettle; if you do not let him out, he will tear the house to pieces, and make an earthquake throughout the city. So men made a hole in the lid, and the devil's steam came

TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL MEETING
OF THE
MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Twenty-eighth Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society was held in Boston, at the Tremont Temple, commencing on Thursday, January 26.

At 10 1-2 o'clock, the meeting was called to order by Francis Jackson, President of the Society; and opportunity for prayer, vocal or silent, was given.

Rev. Mr. Baldwin, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, offered prayer.

Edmund Jackson, Treasurer of the Society, made the Annual Report of the Society's finances. It showed Receipts, $9,863 78; Expenditures, $9,272 47; Balance in treasury, Jan. 1, $591 31. The report was certified by the Auditor, Wm. I. Bowditch, Esq., to be correct.

Voted, To accept the Treasurer's Report, and publish it with the proceedings.

Charles K. Whipple was nominated and appointed Assistant Secretary.

James N. Buffum of Lynn, William Whiting of Concord, Josiah Hayward of Salem, Samuel Dyer of Abington, Charles K. Whipple of Boston and Pliny B. Southwick of Milford were appointed a committee to nominate the usual committees of the Annual Meeting.

Samuel May, Jr., General Agent of the Society, made a brief report of the Society's doings and of the progress of the cause during the year past.

The Nominating Committee reported the following Committees:

On Business—Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, J. H. Stephenson, Stephen S. Foster, Maria W. Chapman, Abby Kelley Foster, Charles C. Burleigh, Andrew T. Foss, Charles L. Remond, Oliver Johnson.

On Finance—E. D. Draper, Elbridge Sprague, E. H. Heywood, Miss S. Holley, Miss Georgiana Otis.

To Nominate Officers of the Society—Edmund Quincy, James N. Buffum, William Whiting, William Ashby, Joseph Merrill.

The Society, by a unanimous vote, elected the Committees as reported.

A brief discussion, on the Petitions to the Legislature for a Law against Slave-Hunting, took place, in which G. W. Stacy, S. May, Jr., A. T. Foss, E. D. Draper, Mr. Allen of West Newton, J. Merrill of Danvers, and others, participated.

Wendell Phillips, from the Committee on Business, reported the two following resolutions:

1. Resolved, That the present condition of Church and State demands of us the most stern and rigid application of absolute right to national affairs, holding each to its highest duty.

2. Resolved, That the proposed laws of Senators Douglas and Bigler indicate the purpose of the Slave Power to make Free Speech, a Free Press, and Anti-Slavery action in the Free States, an indictable offence, and probably to carry offenders into the slave States for trial.

Mr. Phillips spoke at some length and with much force in support of these resolutions.

In the conclusion of his speech, Mr. Phillips having said that a brother of Capt. John Brown was in the audience—Frederick Brown, of Ohio—a very strong interest was manifested to see and to hear him.

Frederick Brown, being invited, came to the platform, and was greeted by the cheers of the meeting, who rose spontaneously to welcome him. As he expressed his thanks to the audience, in a few words, for their sympathy with him, and with his brother's family, tears flowed freely down the rugged cheeks of men, as well as from the eyes of women, throughout the meeting.

T. W. Higginson, of Worcester, rose to explain the circumstances relating to the dismissal of the Principal of the Worcester High School, which Mr. Phillips had spoken of and represented to be owing to the teacher's anti-slavery principles and character. He (Mr. H.) thought that gentleman was *not* removed on this account; he had investigated the whole matter, and was satisfied that Mr. Sprague's anti-slavery sentiments and course were not the reasons of his removal. He also dissented from Mr. Phillips's opinion that Worcester or that Massachusetts would not protect her citizens from an assault of the Federal power, acting in behalf of slavery. It will be time enough to bring this charge when she has been tried and found wanting. When persons claimed as slaves, or persons charged with treason to the Slave Power, will, instead of flying to Canada, or to Europe, *trust* Massachusetts to protect them, and she *fails to do so*, then let her be arraigned. At present, it has never been tried. To sustain and strengthen freedom, you must trust freedom. Every fugitive sent from Massachusetts to Canada has helped to demoralize Massachusetts, accustoming her to yield instead of standing her ground. Worcester has publicly invited the fugitive slave to remain and live within her borders.

Joseph A. Howland, of Worcester, dissented entirely from Mr. Higginson's ideas respecting the true reasons of the dismissal of the High School teacher of that city. He believed that the teacher's anti-slavery action *was* the reason of his removal. Nor could he share Mr. Higginson's confidence as to the people of Worcester making any resistance to United States authority in defence of persons assailed in Worcester.

Mrs. Abby K. Foster—I reside in Worcester. Worcester has *never* invited fugitive slaves, or alleged traitors to this pro-slavery government, to come there for protection. A question answered by a promiscuous audience in Worcester is not to be taken as the voice of the city. Neither the Mayor nor any responsible official of that city has ever given countenance or assistance to such a measure. Even the mechanic Senator from Worcester said, in a public meeting there, that he could not vote for the protection of Massachusetts citizens against the Federal Government, and no disapprobation came from the meeting. There is a strong under-current of feeling in that city *against* any man who takes a disunion position.

Mr. Higginson explained. Mrs. Foster never comes short of her duty in telling the people of Worcester of their deficiencies and faults, in respect to their anti-slavery duty; and she always predicts that they will fail in protecting fugitive slaves and their defenders. She has said that no official of Worcester had sanctioned the measure of protecting the fugitive slave at all hazards; she appears to have forgotten that the gentleman (William W. Rice, Esq.) who had presided at the Worcester meeting which invited the fugitive slave to remain there had since been elected Mayor of the city by a triumphant vote. We have *one* place in Massachusetts in advance of the rest of the State. Let us trust it, and make trial of it in time of need.

John Beeson made a few remarks on the subject of the wrongs of the Indians of this country; and as he proceeded to call up a young Indian woman to sing a song, objection was made to it by Mrs. Foster, as out of order; and the singing was postponed until after the adjournment.

Voted, That the hours of assembling, during the Annual Meeting, be 10 a. m., 2 3 4 p. m., and 7 p. m.

Adjourned to the afternoon.

Afternoon.—Reassembled at the Melonaon; Francis Jackson in the chair.

Mr. Jackson exhibited a small bell, re-cast from the old bell on Liberty Hall in New Bedford, which had been presented to him, as President of this Society, by the Hon. Rodney French.

The resolutions reported in the morning being before the meeting, remarks were made by George W. Stacy and Daniel Ricketson.

The discussion was continued by Daniel S. Whitney, who thought there need be no clashing on this subject; that it was the duty of every one to oppose slavery with those instrumentalities which he believed to be right. Being a Non-Resistant himself, he could wish that every man in the land were as Wm. Lloyd Garrison is; if that could not be, he should wish him to be as John Brown *was* (applause).

Wm. Lloyd Garrison, from the Business Committee, reported the following resolutions:

3. Resolved, That, in view of the present activity of thought on the subject of slavery, we recommend to the friends of freedom throughout the State to institute, each in his or her own neighborhood, discussions for the consideration of all questions relating to human rights in this so-called Union.

4. Resolved, That he who asserts that there is not an "irrepressible conflict" between Freedom and Slavery—between free institutions and slave institutions—between the spirit which abolishes human chattelism and the spirit which perpetrates it—but that these are harmonious elements, or by compromise and forbearance can be made such in the same government, and can be brought into collision only by the efforts of fanaticism or sedition—is either idiotic, morally speaking, or a self-convicted demagogue, intent on nothing but the gratification of his own desperate ambition.

5. Resolved, therefore, That the party which talks of "the glorious Union" existing between the North and the South, and of the duty of maintaining it as an object of paramount importance, is smitten with judicial blindness and bereft of reason—talks of what has never been, and, in the nature of things, can never be possible—is either the dupe or the ally of a stupendous imposture, which an insane and criminal experiment of three-score years has demonstrated is working the overthrow of all the safeguards of freedom—and, consequently, is a party neither to be trusted nor followed.

6. Resolved, That "the glorious Union," ever since its formation, has signified nothing but the supremacy of a Southern slave oligarchy, as unscrupulous in the attainment of their object as a band of pirates, as murderous in spirit as they are knavish in conduct, who have always dictated the policy of the nation, and who claim a divine right to rule, according to their pleasure, alike the slaves on their plantations and the people of the free States, without remonstrance or interrogation, and as the condition of the perpetuation of "the glorious Union" aforesaid.

7. Resolved, That the privileges accorded to Northern citizens sojourning or travelling in the South, under this Union, are these: to wear padlocks upon their lips—to forswear their manhood by bowing down to the Moloch of Slavery—to speak in behalf of the enslaved at the peril of their lives—to be tarred and feathered, if they are suspected of cherishing anti-slavery sentiments—to be thrust into prison, and sold as slaves on the auction-block, if they are of African descent—to be scourged, branded, lynched, and driven out by mobocratic violence, even while in the prosecution of their legitimate business, simply because they are Northern men.

8. Resolved, That the privileges accorded to Southern citizens sojourning or travelling in the North, under this Union, are these: to speak with impunity whatever they please as against free institutions and free society—to advocate slavery and the slave traffic as worthy of universal extension, without interference, menace or personal danger, and to an unlimited extent—to hold any meeting or publish any journal they may choose, in which to assail the uncompromising friends of freedom as fanatics and traitors, and to glorify "the lords of the lash" as the only true friends of their country—and, in short, to threaten, bully, and calumniate, *ad libitum*, whatever or whoever is deemed by them to be adverse in spirit and sentiment to "the sum of all villanies."

9. Resolved, therefore, That the motto of the American Anti-Slavery Society, "No Union with Slaveholders," commends itself to the reason, conscience and hearty adoption of every man claiming to be loyal to the Declaration of Independence; and it becomes the solemn duty of the North to carry it into immediate practice, as demanded by every instinct of self-preservation, and by all that is obligatory in the claims of justice and humanity.

Andrew T. Foss said that the Democratic party had once occupied higher anti-slavery ground than the Republican party occupies to day. But there is now no longer anything left in the Democratic party to respect; all the really good and liberty-loving men have been sifted or driven out of it, by its successive humiliations before Slavery. Its base, pro-slavery character is to-day everywhere recognized. But the Republican party, which once took high ground against slavery, and which in some quarters still professes to be the anti-slavery party of the land, has been so far demoralized by its efforts to obtain supremacy in the country that it has become, said Mr. F., in my judgment, one of the chief hindrances to the progress of true anti-slavery.

T. B. Swasey, Esq., of Boston, spoke of the duty of *the citizen* in the present aspect of affairs. He thought every citizen would soon be called upon for action, and not the expression of opinion merely. No people can go on prosperously, in direct and habitual violation of the laws of God. Slaveholding is such a violation. Yet the great majority of our citizens will still deny that they are in any measure responsible for this, even while they are directly contributing to the slaveholding power by their taxes, &c. He had been asked if he was willing to break up the Union, founded with so much pains, and productive of so many advantages; and he would answer that it was with the greatest reluctance, and very slowly, that his mind had come to the idea of the necessity of a dissolution of the present Union. He had no desire to interrupt or weaken, much less destroy, any good thing connected with the Union; but he knew, and no man could deny, that this Union stands upon an unjust, unhallowed and despotic bargain—a bargain which consigns millions of our fellow-men to the endurance of unutterable wrongs; and he knew that such a Union ought not to endure, and cannot endure; that the mischiefs which flow from it must far out-weigh all its benefits; that it must be, as he verily believed it was, an encouragement to tyrants, and a curse to mankind, throughout the world.

J. H. Fowler, of Cambridge—We want *action*. Every step of the anti-slavery movement is towards action. We want to know what rights have *the People*, as against and in spite of this tyrannical government! Mr. F. introduced and read a very long series of resolutions, expressive of his own anti-slavery faith and mode of action. He proceeded to say that he had been a non-resistant; he was so in the time of the delivery of Anthony Burns into slavery from Boston. Twice at that time he had been threatened by the soldiery with blows; he had bared his head, and told them to strike if they chose. Now, however, he was a non-resistant no longer. The non-resistant Abolitionists, he thought, must stand aside and make room for a phalanx of fighting men. At such a time as this, he did not see how a warm-blooded young man, who believed in such a thing as human rights, could be a non-resistant. He himself was ready for the conflict—ready for anything but slavery. He knew that sometimes these words fell from the lips with but little meaning to them. He thought he understood their meaning, and that he was prepared to give his life for the cause of liberty.

W. L. Garrison said he appreciated the spirit, and honored the manly utterances, of his friend Fowler. Every man should try his own spirit, and make sure of his own position. Mr. F. had said that in the Anthony Burns times he was a non-resistant, but was no longer so; probably, said Mr. G., there has not been so much of a change in my young friend as he himself thinks; he has condemned the non-resistant spirit as slavish and servile, and has quoted resolutions of the New Hampshire and Tennessee Legislatures condemnatory of such resistance. Mr. G. said, he, too, would condemn such non-resistance; that was not the non-resistance in which *he* believed. Who was the true representative of non-resistance? We all say Jesus Christ. Was there aught servile in him? The farthest from it, of course, all say.

Evening.—The Society assembled in the large Tremont Temple, which was well filled by a most attentive audience.

Rev. John T. Sargent, of Boston, took the chair.

An anti-slavery hymn was sung—

"Hark! a voice from heaven proclaiming
Comfort to the mourning slave."

The resolutions were read by Mr. Quincy; after which,

Rev. Frederick Frothingham, of Portland, being called upon, came forward and was warmly welcomed. He made an earnest, logical and eloquent speech, in behalf of the Anti-Slavery cause, which we hope, at a future time, will be published in full.

Oliver Johnson, Esq., of New York, was invited to address the meeting, and received a warm greeting from his old Massachusetts friends, as he came to the platform. He vindicated the Anti-Slavery movement; he acknowledged John Brown as its legitimate result; he spoke of its wonderful progress and triumphs in the land. He said that *Congress* had not only been made (as had formerly been said) an Anti-Slavery Debating Society, but had lately been converted into an Association for *Advertising Anti-Slavery books*; and to such an extent, that not less than five steam-presses are now at work, day and night, to meet the public demand for Helper's "Impending Crisis."

Rev. J. Sella Martin, of Boston [a young, colored preacher of the city, a native of Tennessee], made an eloquent, enthusiastic and stirring speech, which was received by the audience with great applause. He paid a very handsome and respectful tribute to Mr. Garrison and Wendell Phillips, and eloquently claimed a high place among the human races, in the great work of civilizing the world, for the Negro. He said it was a very great mistake to suppose that the slaves at the South were quiet and submissive. "A dozen insurrections occur yearly. I lived," he said, "eleven years in Georgia, and I know whereof I affirm. These attempts are carefully and systematically kept out of the papers." He believed that John Brown had more disciples than any other man in the land.

Wendell Phillips was loudly called for. He made a most masterly address, reviewing the position of the country and of the Anti-Slavery Cause. [A full report of this speech will be found in another place].

At the close of Mr. Phillips's speech, which had been received with the most eager attention and applause, the Society adjourned to Friday morning.

FRIDAY.

The Society met, according to adjournment, at the Melonaon, at 10 a. m., Francis Jackson in the chair.

Mr. Stephenson, of West Newton, said it seemed to him that no circumstance connected with slavery is so bad as slavery itself. The assumption that one human being can *own* another is the worst thing that can be assumed. Nevertheless, it is well to consider the horrible details of cruelty and injustice to which that claim gives rise; the scourgings, brandings, burnings alive of slaves, and the infringements upon the constitutional liberty of every white man who is a friend of the slave. These should all be studied and pondered, if we would know slavery as it is. Slavery exists in Massachusetts to day, as well as in South Carolina.

One of the resolutions offered yesterday suggests a mode of action which every one can use, and which will greatly assist the Anti-Slavery cause, namely, the formation of town, village, neighborhood meetings, to consider, inquire into and act upon the question of slavery. Great numbers of our people now know little about it.

James N. Buffum, of Lynn, wished to give his testimony to the efficacy of the mode of operation last mentioned. His observation and his experience had shown him that great good was accomplished in that manner.

Mr. Stacy, of Milford, spoke of the importance of active exertion on the part of every true friend of the cause. He mentioned the stimulus we should receive from the apostacy of the Church, and mentioned the shameful conduct of Henry Ward Beecher, who left an appointment unfulfilled in Boston for the express purpose of going home to defend the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and who succeeded so well in this shameful work that his Church had just decided, by a large vote, still to sustain the pro-slavery Board.

If the American Church is largely composed of "rascals," as one of its ministers last night has admitted, how is it better than the world? But it is an enormous blunder and falsity to assert that the Church *of Christ* is composed of such materials. The Church of Christ never contained a rascal, and never will; never contained a slaveholder, and never will; never contained an apologist for slavery, and never will! (Applause.)

Mr. Holden, of Lynn, gave his testimony to the great advantage of holding frequent meetings, small as well as large, for the discussion of slavery, all its parts, all its characteristics, all its results, and all the methods of opposing it. He also justified the position taken by many persons who decline to sign our petition to the Legislature for a law against slave-hunting, because they could not ask a man to *break his oath*. I cannot ask a man to break his oath. [A. T. Foss, earnestly, "I can; I can."] I will ask him, said Mr. H., to *renounce* his oath, and abandon his official place.

Chas. C. Burleigh.—I honor the feeling of fidelity to principle which our friend Holden manifests. But we must not concede more than fidelity demands. We ask no man to do any wrong. In petitioning the Legislature for a law to protect the fugitive slave, we ask a thing right in itself, and in strict accordance with the will and commands of Almighty Justice and Mercy. If any man has taken an oath contrary to these, ought he to keep such an oath?

Mr. May moved that the subject of donations and pledges to the Society, for its operations during the coming year, be now taken up, and that the Finance Committee now proceed to this work.

Agreed to, unanimously.

Mr. Frederick Brown, of Ohio, brother of John Brown, came forward in reply to the statement of the President that many persons in the audience earnestly desired to hear him speak. He gave a full and clear exposition of his religious and moral conviction that it is our duty to labor, work and fight against slavery, until it ceases from the face of the earth.

Charles L. Remond wished to thank Mr. Brown for his speech, in the name of the slave and the nominally free colored man. He thanked him for his frank and full *manner* of speaking, and for his sentiments. He proceeded to make an impassioned and eloquent speech, in vindication of the equal manhood and rights of the colored people, which was received with great applause, and made an evident impression.

Mr. Fowler disclaimed the purpose, which had been attributed to him by one speaker, to undervalue or to speak slightingly of the Peace principle, or of any true non-resistant. He utterly repudiated such a thought. No man in the land had produced so extensive and so wholesome an influence, to speed the cause of Freedom, as William Lloyd Garrison, the non-resistant (applause).

Mr. Burleigh followed, defending Adin Ballou from the imputation of want of justice and sympathy towards the colored race.

Adjourned to quarter to three o'clock.

Afternoon.—At the Melonaon, according to the adjournment; Francis Jackson in the chair.

Homer B. Sprague, Esq., of Worcester, by invitation, addressed the meeting. After expressing his respect for those steadfast and faithful friends of the Anti-Slavery Cause who have labored so long and perseveringly, amidst every reproach and opposition, he proceeded to examine the position of the Republican party, which he believed to be anything but an anti-slavery party. He spoke also of the Church—said he had been pained at some remarks made here about the Church; he thought that a distinction should be made between the Church and the Leaders of the Church. The former, he thought, are honest in the main, and ready to go right when they should see the right. But with the leaders the case is different, and they have grievously misled the people. He spoke of the "Church Anti-Slavery Society," of its insignificant numbers while asserting the inherent sinfulness of slavery, and of the probability that, to purchase numbers and influence, it will soon reduce its platform and lower its standard.

In concluding his speech, Mr. Sprague spoke very feelingly of the comparatively late day at which his attention had been called to this momentous subject, and in which his efforts had become enlisted in its behalf, and repeated with much impressiveness the following lines:

Last of the laborers, thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest—and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened not so much with grain
As with a heaviness of heart and brain.
Master! behold my sheaves!

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves,
Therefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently, and repeat,
Master! behold my sheaves!

(Warm applause followed.)

Wm. Lloyd Garrison, from the Business Committee, reported the following resolutions:

10. Resolved, That no language can more truly describe the American Union, in its slaveholding guarantees, than that used by the prophet Isaiah, in regard to a similar compromise with sin in his own day, namely, it is "a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell"; and the warning then given is as terribly prophetic now—"Thus saith the Lord, Judgment will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet; and your covenant with death shall be annulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand: when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, then ye shall be trodden down by it."

11. Resolved, That even if the Union were clear of every mortal stain, still, to regard its perpetuation as of the first importance, and the preservation of liberty as of minor consideration, would indicate absolute fatuity of mind, and an idolatry of spirit not surpassed in folly or criminality by anything existing in Burmah or Hindostan; but, dripping as it does with the blood of four millions of slaves held in captivity by its collective strength, and incurably infected as it is with its pro-slavery compromises, by which the whole country is slavishly subjugated and fearfully dishonored, it deserves to be execrated and assailed by every friend of God and man.

12. Resolved, That the acme of impudence and profligacy is seen in the constant accusation of the Republican party, by the Democratic leaders and organs, as disloyal in spirit, if not in action, to the Union, at the very time *they* are threatening to rend it asunder, and overturn the government by force, if a majority of the voters shall choose the Republican instead of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency—thus proving themselves to be a most desperate faction, full of treasonable intentions if they are not allowed to have their own way.

13. Resolved, That we are ready to certify that the Republican party has never even menaced the existence of the Union in any contingency; and that, of all the political parties that have yet been organized in this country, none has ever surpassed the Republican party in its slavish subserviency to the Union; for while it is outlawed in all the South, and can neither hold meetings nor nominate candidates in that part of the country, and while neither Mr. Seward, nor Mr. Sumner, nor any other of its prominent men, is permitted freedom of speech south of Mason and Dixon's line, it is still insanely engaged in glorifying the Union, and pledging itself to frown upon all attempts to dissolve it.

14. Resolved, That the proposal of the Republican party to go back in our national policy to the days of Washington and Jefferson is as wise as it would be, in case of the universal prevalence of the small pox or the Asiatic cholera, to propose to go back to the first few cases of infection, from which all subsequent ones have proceeded; for the present appalling state of the country is the legitimate fruit of the pro-slavery concessions made in the formation of the Constitution; and were the same experiment to be tried over again, as many times as there are sands on the sea-shore, the same results would inevitably follow. No strange thing has happened. Our fathers sowed the wind, and we are reaping the whirlwind. They sacrificed the rights of the enslaved, in order to secure a Union; and God has decreed that, in consequence of that sacrifice, the Union shall be dashed in pieces, "as a potter's vessel is broken." "Wherefore thus saith the Holy One of Israel, Because ye despise this word, and trust in oppression and perverseness, and stay thereon, therefore this iniquity shall be to you as a breach ready to fall, whose breaking cometh suddenly at an instant."

15. Resolved, That if Massachusetts had no other complicity with slavery than that of holding herself bound to restore the fugitive slave to his master, if legally arrested within her limits, it would suffice to make her citizens a commonwealth of kidnappers, and to involve her in all the guilt of the slave system; hence, that her first duty is to decree the abolition of slave-hunting on her soil, and to declare, come what may, that, henceforth, no person shall be arrested or put on trial, by any process whatever, as the slave or property of any other human being; thus carrying out the first article of her own Constitution, which declares that all men are created free and equal, and have a right to be secure in their persons against all oppression.

16. Resolved, That there can be no binding obligation upon a State, whether self-imposed or forced upon her, to "frame mischief by a law," and to consent that the poor and the needy shall be the prey of violent and bloody men; that no oath to commit crime is to be observed, if taken, though it should never be taken; and, consequently, that the State of Massachusetts has no excuse for refusing to proclaim freedom to every fugitive from bondage, seeking a refuge in this Commonwealth.

Dr. John S. Rock, of Boston, made an able address in vindication of the rights and of the moral and intellectual capacity of the colored race. He said that the hardest question he had to answer in Europe was—"Why do free colored people remain in the United States?" It was not easy to make Europeans understand this matter. The fact, however, was that the colored people, like other Americans, prefer, and choose, to remain in their own country. They wish to remain here to help to make it a better country. They aspire even, ultimately, to make it fit for decent people to live in.

The Republican cry—"No more Slave States"—is good so far as it goes; but it does not go far enough. They should say, rather—"No more slavery!"

A notice, in relation to the funds of the Society and the expenses of the Annual Meeting, was given by the Secretary.

Stephen S. Foster, of Worcester, gave, at some length, his view of the great service which John Brown had rendered to the Anti-Slavery Cause, as well as to the country. He thought it entirely owing to the strict logical and moral consistency of John Brown's life and example that he had made so deep and extensive an impression. It was owing to a want of this consistency on the part of the Abolitionists, as he thought, himself included, that they had accomplished no more than they have. Mr. Foster said he had recently been studying the Constitution of the United States—he had never before given it a thorough examination—and his views of it had undergone a great change. He was now convinced that the Constitution is an Anti-Slavery instrument, and the views at which he had arrived had met the entire concurrence, in regard to their legal correctness, of some of the ablest lawyers in the city of Worcester. Hence he desired to organize an Anti-Slavery Political Party, to carry out and enforce this interpretation of the Constitution.

Edmund Quincy, from the Committee to nominate officers of the Society for the year ensuing, made a Report. This report was, on motion, unanimously accepted, and the following persons were elected officers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, for the ensuing year:

President—Francis Jackson, Boston.

Vice Presidents—Andrew Robeson, New Bedford; Edmund Quincy, Dedham; Adin Ballou, Milford; Jefferson Church, Springfield; Josiah Henshaw, West Brookfield; Henry I. Bowditch, Boston; Geo. Flint, Rutland; John T. Hilton, Brighton; Bourne Spooner, Plymouth; Wm. Ashby, Newburyport; John Bailey, Lynn; Richard Clapp, Dorchester; David P. Harmon, Haverhill; Thomas T. Stone, Bolton; William Whiting, Concord; Ezekiel Thacher, Barnstable; Charles Lenox Remond, Salem; John Clement, Townsend; Atkinson Stanwood, Newburyport; Joshua T. Everett, Princeton; Benjamin Snow, Jr., Fitchburg; George Miles, Westminster; Timothy Davis, Framingham.

Corresponding Secretary—Samuel May, Jr., Leicester.

Recording Secretary—Robert F. Wallcut, Boston.

Treasurer—Wm. I. Bowditch, Brookline.

Auditor—Edmund Jackson, Boston.

Councillors—William Lloyd Garrison; Edmund Quincy; Wendell Phillips; Maria W. Chapman; Charles K. Whipple; Anne W. Weston; William I. Bowditch; John T. Sargent; Charles E. Hodges; Charles Follen.

Adjoured to the evening.

Evening.—The meeting was again held at the Tremont Temple, Edmund Quincy in the chair.

Mr. Garrison, from the Business Committee, reported the folllowing resolutions:

17. Resolved, That the warmest expressions of gratitude fail to do justice to our feelings on receiving the letters and donations of our British friends for the year 1860. And in the name of the common cause of freedom, so dear to both, we assure them that every contribution from our mother country binds us afresh to them that are in bonds in our own land, whose fate is our fate, and whose cause is our cause.

18 Resolved, That the excellent address of our friend, Mr. James Haughton, of Dublin, to his countrymen in these States, be printed with the proceedings of this meeting, and circulated as widely as we can possibly do it among them.

19. Resolved, That, since the last meeting of this Society, we have to lament the loss to our ranks of our laborious treasurer, Samuel Philbrick, ever faithful, ready and outspoken; and of one of the oldest and most devoted and clear-sighted of our members, Effingham L. Capron; and of one, disinterested, fearless, and never wanting, Charles F. Hovey, whose munificent legacy to this and kindred reforms shows how truly he was a model reformer in his utter devotion to duty, and his catholic interest in every good work.

20. Resolved, That we have heard, with deep affliction, of the sudden death of our beloved friend and coadjutor, Eliza Lee Follen, who, in the earliest days of our cause, stood side by side with her noble husband, Dr. Follen, exerting all their great intellectual ability and social influence to hold up the hands of those who were laboring for an unpopular cause. Through all the long series of years, this dear and gifted friend has stood faithfully by our side—always hopeful, always strong—kindling cold hearts, sustaining the timid, and converting the hostile. May her brave and loving spirit be with us to the end of the contest, helping us to imitate the great example she has left us.

21. Resolved, That in refusing to *vise* the passport of Miss Remond (and that with insult and threats of force), George M. Dallas has shown himself a fitting minister of a government which asserts, as a leading principle, that "black men have no rights which white men are bound to respect"; and that he has thus forfeited all claim to the character of a gentleman—for no gentleman ever insults a lady, be she black or white.

22. Resolved, That—although Non-Resistants may appropriately criticize one feature of the enterprise of John Brown (as they do one feature of the else rightful and glorious enterprise of Washington, Hancock and Adams)—no one but a Non-Resistant is authorized to complain of the use of arms by the slaves, and in their behalf; and that the censure which has been thrown on John Brown's pikes and muskets by men in the State who have always praised the Revolutionary war, and by men in the Church who have always bitterly opposed Non-Resistance, is fresh evidence of the dishonesty of the one and the hypocrisy of the other.

23. Resolved, That if capital punishment be justifiable in any case, then a tragical mistake has been made in Virginia; and Gov. Wise, Senator Mason, and the whole body of Virginia slaveholders, should have been placed on the scaffold, instead of freedom-loving John Brown and his companions, under the law, "He that stealeth a man, and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death."

Whereas the attempt of John Brown and his associates, at Harper's Ferry, to emancipate a considerable number of the slaves in Virginia, ended in their own destruction on the scaffold and in the mortal conflict; and whereas the authorities of Virginia claimed to have jurisdiction of the case, to the exclusion of any jurisdiction on the part of the government of the United States, which claim was yielded to by the latter; and whereas Gov. Wise officially proclaims to the whole country the ability of Virginia to protect herself against all her enemies; and whereas, if there are any other persons legally implicated in the doings of John Brown, the courts of Virginia and the courts of the United States are competent to dispose of them; therefore,

24. Resolved, That the appointment of an Inquisitorial Committee, by the U. S. Senate, at the instigation of Senator Mason, the infamous author of the Fugitive Slave law, with full powers to call for persons and papers in relation to the Harper's Ferry tragedy, is an act of flagrant usurpation, which ought to be resisted by every free State; is palpably oppressive, insulting and malignant in its purpose, and a daring step toward "crushing out" every vestige of civil and personal liberty at the North, by procuring such action on the part of Congress as shall make the liberty of speech, as against slavery, constructive "incendiarism" and "treason."

25. Resolved, That the satanic design of this inquisition must be palpable to the dullest vision, in view of the fact that the Senate, by a strict party vote, refused to adopt Senator Trumbull's amendment, also to inquire into the seizure of a U. S. arsenal in Missouri by the "Border Ruffians," who, stealing therefrom their weapons, went over into Kansas, wounding and murdering its free citizens, and perpetrating an extended series of horrible outrages in the service of slavery.

26. Resolved, That in giving their unanimous support to Senator Mason's resolution, after this refusal to allow an impartial investigation, the Republican Senators of the North not only stultified themselves, but became accessory to all the villany wrapped up in that resolution, and deserve the severest condemnation.

Wm. Wells Brown said a great benefit to the cause had been rendered by Mrs. Child's admirable letter to Mrs. Mason, of Virginia. He should suppose that no Southern man or woman could read the letter of Mrs. Mason without feeling their cheeks tingle for shame. He had, however, found one lady in Massachusetts to justify that letter; though he must, in justice, say that the lady in question was connected by marriage with slaveholders. He urged that all rights and privileges which belonged to, or were good for, the white man are equally good for, and equally belong to, the colored man.

Mr. Brown thought that his friends Remond and Rock need not spend much more time in talking on the subject of prejudice against colored people—he thought the subject was coming right, and we need only to "wait a little longer"; in corroboration of which, he told an amusing anecdote of an experience he had had on board a Western steamboat, in which the feeling of the company had been completely turned against a pompous man who had endeavored to drive him from the table.

E. H. Heywood reviewed, in a spirit of humorous satire, the recent Faneuil Hall "Union" Meeting, at which Caleb Cushing exhibited himself so characteristically. He vindicated the character and motives of John Brown, as a man of the highest faith and courage, as the most perfect specimen of a true, a noble and heroic man that our country has yet produced.

Mr. Garrison, from the Business Committee, further reported as follows:

27. Resolved, That, in the name of the Constitution of Massachusetts, and the Constitution of the United States, we record our solemn protest against the veto of Gov. Banks, subversive of the equal rights of the colored citizens of Massachusetts in relation to the militia law, and against the opinion of the Supreme Court in support of that veto and of the proscriptive law of Congress of 1793; for nowhere does the United States Constitution give to Congress the right to insult and outrage any portion of the recognized citizens of any of the States; and the State that consents to such treatment, while demanding full allegiance of its victims, deserves not to be called a free State, but is guilty of the meanest oppression and the basest treachery.

28. Resolved, That the erection of the statue of Daniel Webster on the State House grounds, by the consent of the Legislature, on the advice of Gov. Banks, was a fraud upon the people, and an insult to the Commonwealth; and it becomes the duty of the present Legislature, while with one hand putting an end to slave-hunting in this State, with the other to hurl from its pedestal the brazen image of the man whose last years were spent in calling upon the people to be ready to engage in every slave-hunt in their borders, and to "conquer their prejudices" against aiding and abetting the two-legged bloodhounds of the South.

Mr. Garrison spoke of the successive bereavements of early and faithful friends which the Anti-Slavery cause has suffered, in unusual number, during the year now past; then of the importance of yet more energetic and consistent labor among those that remain; and, finally, of the miserable inconsistency of the Republican party, who shout for the Union while it is destroying the liberty, both political and individual, of their own members.

The meeting was next addressed by Wendell Phillips.

[We hope that the speeches of Messrs. Garrison and Phillips will appear in full, from a phonographic report.—*Secretaries.*]

Mr. Garrison read a very interesting letter from Thos. Garrett, of Wilmington, Delaware.

He also read an extract from the New York *Tablet* (the Roman Catholic organ in that city), referring to the recent case of the lynching and unusually base treatment of a young Irishman in South Carolina, in which that paper, its eyes remarkably clear of vision in the existing case, denounced the cruelty and its perpetrators in very proper terms, and declared the "Union not worth preserving," where such things could be done with impunity.

The resolutions before the Society were adopted, and the Society, on motion, then adjourned, *sine die*.

FRANCIS JACKSON, *President.*

Samuel May, Jr.,
Charles K. Whipple, } *Secretaries.*

A VOICE FROM THE PAST.

Negro Slavery Unjustifiable. A Discourse by the late Rev. Alexander McLeod, D.D., Pastor of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, New York, 1802. Tenth edition. Published by Alexander McLeod, 85 Broad and 43 South William street. 1860.

This discourse was preached and first published fifty-eight years ago. The author was well-known in this city for many years, as an eloquent preacher, able theologian, and clear and earnest writer on moral and political topics. Having received a call, in November, 1800, to take the pastoral charge of a congregation in Orange County, and noticed among the signers some whom he knew to be slaveholders, he did not consent to accept the place until he had made known his sentiments on the subject of slavery. Not long after his settlement he preached this discourse, in which he demonstrated the sinfulness of slavery on moral and scriptural grounds. It was printed and widely circulated at the time, and has been reprinted again and again, both in this country and in Europe. It presents the arguments against slavery with cumulative and exhaustive force, as they were understood by the most enlightened opponents of the system at that day; and although it contains here and there a phrase which the author, if living, would, in the clearer light of the present day, wish to change, it is scarcely less adapted to the state of public opinion now than it was in 1802. The publisher of this edition is a son of the author, who honors himself as well as the memory of his noble father in reissuing a discourse which received, more than half a century ago, the warm commendation of Thomas Jefferson and of that celebrated philanthropist, Henry, Count Gregoire of France. It is refreshing to turn from the utterances of the popular divines who dishonor the name of Christianity in our day, by their defences or apologies for slavery, to the sentiments of the noble man of a preceding generation, who labored earnestly to purify the Church from the damning iniquity, and whose counsels, if they had not unfortunately been contemned, would have resulted, long since, in the freedom of every slave on the American soil.

Light in Scotland.—The proceedings of the meeting lately held at Edinburgh, to express sympathy and furnish aid for Dr. Cheever in his struggle, not against slavery alone, but against malignant foes in his own "household of faith," will be found worthy of careful attention. The speeches of Doctors Candlish and Guthrie, the leaders of the Scotch Free Church, afford gratifying evidence that those eminent gentlemen have at last arrived at a perception of the worthlessness of the sort of anti-slavery of which the leading conductors of *The Independent* are the types and representatives—an anti-slavery which begins in words of seeming hostility to slavery, and ends in open compromise with its most influential apologists and supporters—an anti-slavery which would drive Dr. Cheever from his pulpit by the basest means, while it hugs in loving fellowship the Adamses, Blagdens, Coxes, Lords and Bethunes, whose scriptural vindications of slavery are the chief defence of the hateful system against the scorn of mankind. The Scotch divines, having read for themselves the anti-slavery writings of Dr. Cheever, know what estimate to place upon the conduct of those hollow-hearted clergymen in the United States who are constantly prating of his "imprudence" and "ultraism" as "injurious to the cause." Dr. Guthrie evidently knows how to apply the touchstone to this class of Americans when they are found on his side of the ocean.

Photograph of Brackett's Bust of John Brown.—Our readers have not forgotten that Brackett, the Boston sculptor, went to Charlestown, Va., while John Brown was living, for the purpose of making a bust of the brave old man, and that the chivalrous Virginians were deaf to all his entreaties to permit him to enter his cell. A competent friend of the sculptor, however, succeeded in gaining an interview with the noble prisoner and in making the necessary measurements of his head; guided by which, as well as by his own personal recollection of the features of the subject and by authentic pictures of his face and form, Mr. Brackett has completed his task in a manner which, we understand, gives entire satisfaction to those best qualified to form a judgment of its merits. Wendell Phillips, in his speech at Tremont Temple, on Friday evening of last week, commended it highly as worthy alike of the artist and his subject. Black and Batchelder, of Boston, are selling

Miscellaneous Department.

THE TRUCE OF PISCATAQUA.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

1675.

Raze these long blocks of brick and stone,
These huge mill monsters overgrown;
Blot out the humbler piles as well,
Where, moved like living shuttles, dwell
The weaving genii of the bell;
Tear from the wild Cocheco's track
The dams that hold its torrents back;
And let the loud-rejoicing fall
Plunge, roaring, down its rocky wall;
And let the Indian's paddle play
On the unbridged Piscataqua!
Wide over hill and valley spread
Once more the forest, dusk and dread,
With here and there a clearing cut
From the walled shadows round it shut;
Each with its farm-house builded rude,
By English yeoman squared and hewed,
And the grim, flankered blockhouse, bound
With bristling palisades around.
So, haply, shall before thine eyes
The dusty veil of centuries rise,
The old, strange scenery overlay
The tamer pictures of to-day,
While like the actors in a play,
Pass in their ancient guise along
The figures of my border song:
What time beside Cocheco's flood
The white man and the red man stood,
With words of peace and brotherhood;
When passed the sacred calumet
From lip to lip with fire-draught wet,
And, puff'd in scorn, the peace-pipe's smoke
Through the gray beard of Waldron broke,
And Squando's voice, in suppliant plea
For mercy, struck the haughty key
Of one who held in any fate
His native pride inviolate!

"Let your ears be opened wide!
He who speaks has never lied.
Waldron of Piscataqua,
Hear what Squando has to say!

"Squando shuts his eyes and sees,
Far off, Saco's hemlock-trees.
In his wigwam, still as stone,
Sits a woman all alone,

"Wampum beads and t rchen strands
Dropping from her careless hands,
Listening ever for the fleet
Patter of a dead child's feet!

"When the moon, a year ago,
Told the flowers the time to blow,
In that lonely wigwam smiled
Menewee, our little child.

"Ere that moon grew thin and old,
He was lying still and cold;
Sent before us weak and small,
When the Master did not call!

"On his little grave I lay;
Three times went and came the day;
Three times above me blazed the noon,
Thrice upon me wept the moon.

"In the third night-watch I heard,
Far and low, a spirit-bird;
Very mournful, very wild,
Sang the totem of my child.

"'Menewee, poor Menewee,
Walks a path he cannot see!
Let the white man's wigwam light
With its blaze his steps aright.

"'All-uncalled, he dares not show
Empty hands to Manito:
Better gifts he cannot bear
Than the scalps his slayers wear.'

"All the while the totem sang,
Lightning blazed and thunder rang:
And a black cloud, reaching high,
Pulled the white moon from the sky.

"I, the medicine-man, whose ear
All that spirits hear can hear—
I, whose eyes are wide to see
All the things that are to be—

"Well I know the dreadful signs
In the whispers of the pines,
In the river roaring loud,
In the mutter of the cloud.

"At the breaking of the day,
From the grave I passed away;
Flowers bloomed round me, birds sang glad,
But my heart was hot and mad.

"There is rust on Squando's knife
From the warm red springs of life;
On the funeral hemlock trees
Many a scalp the totem sees.

"Blood for blood! But evermore
Squando's heart is sad and sore;
And his poor squaw waits at home
For the feet that never come!

"Waldron of Cocheco, hear!
Squando speaks, who laughs at fear;
Take the captives he has ta'en;
Let the land have peace again!"

As the words died on his tongue,
Wide apart his warriors swung;
Parted, at the sign he gave,
Right and left like Egypt's wave.

And, like Israel passing free
Through the prophet charmed sea,
Captive mother, wife and child
Through the dusky terror filed.

One alone, a little maid,
Middleway her steps delayed,
Glancing, with quick, troubled sight,
Round about from red to white.

Then his hand the Indian laid
On the little maiden's head,
Lightly from her forehead fair
Smoothing back her yellow hair.

"Gift or favor ask I none;
What I have is all my own:
Never yet the birds have sung,
'Squando hath a beggar's tongue.'

"Yet, for her who waits at home
For the dead who cannot come,
Let the little Gold-hair be
In the place of Menewee!

"Mishanock, my little star!
Come to Saco's pines afar!
Where the sad one waits at home,
Wequashim, my moonlight, come?"

"What!" quoth Waldron, "leave a child
Christian-born to heathens wild?
As God lives, from Satan's hand
I will pluck her as a brand!"

"Hear me, white man!" Squando cried,
"Let the little one decide.
Wequashim, my moonlight, say,
Wilt thou go with me or stay?"

Slowly, sadly, half afraid,
Half regretfully, the maid
Owned the ties of blood and race,
Turned from Squando's pleading face.

Not a word the Indian spoke,
But his wampum chain he broke,
And the beaded wonder hung
On that neck so fair and young.

Silence-shod, as phantoms seem
In the marches of a dream,
Single-filed the grim array
Through the pine-trees wound away.

Doubting, trembling, sore amazed,
Through her tears the young child gazed.
"God preserve her!" Waldron said;
"Satan hath bewitched the maid!"

Years went and came. At close of day
Singing came a child from play,
Tossing from her loose-locked head
Gold in sunshine, brown in shade.

Pride was in the mother's look,
But her head she gravely shook.
And with lips that fondly smiled
Feigned to chide her truant child.

Unabashed the maid began:
"Up and down the brook I ran,
Where, beneath the bank so steep,
Lie the spotted trout asleep.

"Chip!" went squirrel on the wall,
After me I heard him call,
And the cat-bird on the tree
Tried his best to mimic me.

"Where the hemlocks grew so dark,
That I stopped to look and hark,
On a log, with feather-hat,
By the path, an Indian sat.

"Then I cried, and ran away;
But he called and bade me stay;
And his voice was good and mild
As my mother's to her child.

"And he took my wampum chain,
Looked and looked it o'er again;
Gave me berries, and, beside,
On my neck a plaything tied."

Straight the mother stooped to see
What the Indian's gift might be.
On the braid of wampum hung,
Lo! a cross of silver swung,

Well she knew its graven sign,
Squando's bird and totem pine;
And, a mirage of the brain,
Flowed her childhood back again.

Flashed the roof the sunshine through,
Into space the walls outgrew,
On the Indian's wigwam mat
Blossom-crowned again she sat.

Cool she felt the west wind blow,
In her ear the pines sang low,
And, like links from out a chain,
Dropped the years of care and pain.

From the outward toil and din,
From the griefs that gnaw within,
To the freedom of the woods
Called the birds and winds and floods.

Well, O painful minister,
Watch thy flock, but blame not her,
If her ear grew sharp to hear
All their voices whispering near.

Blame her not, as to her soul
All the desert's glamour stole,
That a fear for childhood's loss
Dropped upon the Indian's cross.

When, that night, the book was read,
And she bowed her widowed head,
And a prayer for each loved name
Rose like incense from a flame,

To the listening ear of Heaven,
Lo! another name was given:
"Father! give the Indian rest!
Bless him! for his love has blest!"

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAP. XXVI.

Helen Mason's wedding passed off, in due course of time, as all weddings do, with the usual amount of show and pomp; a retinue of brides-maids, parties, trousseau and corbeille, after which she settled down to commonsense and domestic happiness.

Madge returned to her former life with a feeling of *seemingly* renewed and increased interest. She now rode out oftener, played the more with Rover and chatted with Pomp and the "old folks" of the quarter; but still she found it difficult to get up the same amount of *real* animus. Insensibly, to herself, she watched the coming of the tri-weekly mail from the South, and, what was quite unusual with her, she was the first to seize the bag from Tom and hastily examine the budget of letters. Her father observed how eagerly she read the news from Mr. Butler, and how irritable and impatient she grew when his expected letters failed. On such occasions she generally complained of headaches, when Col. Vertner would quizzingly ask, and "how is it with the heart?" But, then, she was one with whom you could not take liberties, for what she did not resist by force of native dignity, her father was wont to declare she could annihilate with a few austere frowns and pouts.

Things were gliding along in their usually quiet and apparently indifferent way at "the place," Madge declaring that "times were as dull as blue Mondays," when, one morning, the sober current was suddenly broken up.

As Madge came in to breakfast, she observed that her father was unusually interested in the morning paper. The expression of his face was painful and his manner nervous and absent. Mrs. Vertner addressed a question to him two or three times without eliciting a reply.

"Why, papa!" exclaimed Madge; but, suddenly checking herself, she cunningly observed the page and column of the paper upon which his eyes seemed so tightly glued.

The breakfast was summarily and silently despatched. Col. Vertner gulped down his coffee at one draught, notwithstanding Mrs. Vertner and Madge simultaneously cried out, "it is boiling hot, you will scald your throat."

It might have been an iced lemonade, for all the discernment he then possessed. Seizing his overcoat, hat, riding-gloves and whip, he rushed out to the stable, and, almost before the hostler could saddle his horse, mounted and was off.

"Your father seems annoyed," said Mrs. Vertner; "I have observed that for the last two or three days he has been uneasy and fretful. What can be the reason?"

"I am sure I cannot say," replied Madge," but suppose he is not entirely well. People can't afford, mamma, to give a reason for every whim of conduct, particularly spontaneous persons, like papa. We must not watch so eagerly."

"How curious you are," was the laconic reply.

Madge secured the paper and stole away to her room. She soon found the column and there read what had so stunned her father. It was as follows:

"The examination of the Court yesterday resulted in a conviction of the free mulatto woman, Rachel, a slave man, Peter, and two other negroes, for aiding and secreting the slave woman, Maria, the property of Mrs. Vitetor, late of this State and County, now residing in Missouri. The punishment affixed by the statute to such offences is nine-and-thirty lashes, to be administered at the public whipping-post. Thursday next is the day appointed by the Court for the execution of the sentence. We hope it may prove a useful and salutary lesson to the other slaves."

Then followed a long tirade, by the editor, against free negroes and the dangers resulting from their residence anywhere in the neighborhood of slaves. *The example* was pronounced a bad one.

"And so it is," acquiesced Madge, "a bad, very bad example. Freedom is always dangerous to slavery; but poor Rachel, I pity her. She is the beautiful seamstress at whose cabin door I once met papa. Poor woman, how I pity her the mortification of this public whipping. I am sure she is sensitive and delicate; her countenance and manner expressed it. I wonder if something can't be done for her. I shall speak to papa about it. I am sure, if he can, he will aid her."

And she did speak to him, but he assured her that it was impossible to do anything.

"The decree of the Court, my dear," he replied, "is unalterable, "and any interference now, on my part, would only ruin me and do that unfortunate woman no good."

"Well, where is she, papa?"

"In jail, my dear." His voice faltered a little.

"In that old, horrid, dirty jail, where poor Jack and Milly were kept?" she eagerly asked.

"Yes, dear."

"Oh, papa, how cruel and wicked."

"It can't be helped, Madge; I feel bitterly for the poor woman, and wish that I *could* save her."

After a moment's anxious silence, she said,

"Well, papa, at least *I* can do one thing."

"What is that?"

"Go to see her, comfort and sympathize with her, as she lies in that horrid jail. I can and *will* do that."

"No, no, my child, you must not."

"Yes, I *must*."

"Madge, it is not *proper*."

"Papa, I can't bear your *proper* talk. I don't care whether it is proper or not, so it comforts that poor woman; so I'm going at once."

"No, dearest, no; it will not comfort the woman, and will injure me greatly. If you could save the woman, I would allow you to go, without a thought of myself; but, believe me, you can do her no possible good and me much harm."

Sadly she answered,

"Well, since I want to comfort her, and do not want to injure you, I shall have to give up this little plan."

She said no more about the matter; but while she remarked her father's gloomy face, he, too, observed the paleness and sadness of hers.

TAKING A PRIME MINISTER AT HIS WORD.

A laughable story was circulated during the administration of the second Duke of Newcastle, Prime Minister in the reign of George III. This nobleman, with many good points, and described by a popular contemporary poet as almost eaten up by his zeal for the House of Hanover, was remarkable for being profuse of his promises on all occasions, and valued himself particularly on being able to anticipate the words or the wants of the various persons who attended his levees, before they uttered a syllable. This weakness sometimes led him into ridiculous mistakes and absurd embarrassments.

At the election for a certain borough in Cornwall, where the ministerial and opposition interests were almost equally poised, a single vote was of the highest importance; this object the Duke, by certain well-applied arguments, by the force of urgent perseverance and personal application, at length attained, and the gentleman recommended by the treasury gained his election.

In the warmth of gratitude for so signal a triumph, and in a quarter where the minister had generally experienced defeat and disappointment, his grace poured forth acknowledgments and promises, without ceasing, on the fortunate possessor of the casting vote; called him his best and dearest friend; protested that he should consider himself as for ever indebted to him; that he could never do enough for him; that he would serve him by night and by day.

The Cornish voter, in the main an honest fellow, "as things went," and who would have thought himself already sufficiently paid, but for such a torrent of acknowledgments, thanked the duke for his kindness, and told him "that the supervisor of excise was old and infirm, and if he would have the goodness to recommend his son-in-law to the commissioner, in case of the old man's death, he should think himself and family bound to render government every assistance in his power on any future occasion."

"My dear friend," exclaimed his grace, "your relation shall have it the moment it is vacant."

"But how shall I get to see you, my lord? for in London, I understand, it is a very difficult thing to get admitted to you great folks, though you are so kind and complaisant to us in the country."

"The instant the man dies," replied the premier (used to, and prepared for the freedoms of a contested election), "the moment he dies, set out post-haste for London; drive directly to my house; by night or by day, sleeping or waking, dead or alive—thunder at the door; I will leave word with my porter to show you up stairs directly, and the situation shall be disposed of according to your wishes, without fail."

The parties separated; the duke drove to a friend's house in the neighborhood, where he was visiting, without a thought of seeing his new acquaintance till that day seven years; but the memory of a Cornish elector, not being loaded with such a variety of objects, was more attentive. The supervisor died a few months afterwards, and the ministerial partisan, relying on the word of a peer, was conveyed to London by the mail, and ascended the steps of a large house, now divided into three, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, at the corner of Great Queen street.

The reader should be informed that precisely at the moment when the expectations of a considerable party of a borough in Cornwall were roused by the death of a supervisor, no less a person than the King of Spain was hourly expected to depart; an event in which all Europe, and particularly Great Britain, was concerned.

The Duke of Newcastle, on the very night that the proprietor of the decisive vote was at his door, had sat up, anxiously expecting despatches from Madrid. Wearied by official business and agitated spirits, he retired to rest, having previously given particular instructions to his porter not to go to bed, as he expected every minute a messenger with advices of the greatest importance, and desired he might be shown up-stairs the moment of his arrival.

His grace was sound asleep, for, with a thousand singularities and absurdities, of which the rascals about him did not forget to take advantage, his worst enemies could not deny him the merit of good design, that best solace in a solitary hour; the porter, settled for the night in his chair, had already commenced a sonorous nap, when the vigorous arm of the Cornish voter roused him effectually from his slumbers.

To his first question, "Is the duke at home?" the porter replied, "Yes, and in bed; but he left particular orders that, come when you will, you are to go up to him directly."

"God forever bless him! a worthy and honest gentleman," said our applicant for the vacant post to himself, as he smiled with approbation at a prime minister's so accurately keeping his promise; "how thoughtful his grace is! I knew he would not deceive me; let me hear no more of lords and dukes not keeping their words; I believe, verily, they are as honest, and mean as well, as other folks, but I can't always say the same of those who are about them."

Repeating these words as he ascended the stairs, the burgess of —— was ushered into the duke's bedchamber.

"Is he dead?" exclaimed his grace, rubbing his eyes, and scarcely awaked from dreaming of the King of Spain; "is he dead?"

"Yes, my lord," replied the eager expectant, delighted to find that the election promise, with all its circumstances, was so fresh in the minister's memory.

"When did he die?"

"The day before yesterday, exactly at half-past one o'clock, after being confined three weeks to his bed, and taking a power of doctor's stuff, and I hope your grace will be as good as your word, and let my son-in-law succeed him."

The duke, by this time perfectly awake, was staggered at the impossibility of receiving intelligence from Madrid in so short a space of time, and he was perplexed at the absurdity of a king's messenger applying for his son-in-law to succeed the King of Spain. "Is the man drunk or mad? Where are your despatches?" exclaimed his grace, hastily drawing back his curtain, when, instead of a royal courier, his eager eye recognized at the bedside the well-known countenance of his friend in Cornwall, making low bows with hat in hand, and hoping "my lord would not forget the gracious promise he was so good as to make in favor of his son-in-law at the last election of ——."

Vexed at so untimely a disturbance, and disappointed of news from Spain, he frowned for a few minutes; but chagrin soon gave way to mirth at so singular and ridiculous a combination of opposite circumstances, and, yielding to the irritation, he sank on the bed in a violent fit of laughter, on recovering from which he dismissed his visitor, with the assurance that his son-in-law should certainly have the deceased supervisor's place.

THE MULATTO POET OF CUBA.

Gabriel de la Conception Valdes (not unknown by his *nom de plume* of *Placido*) was a mulatto of Matanzas, a comb-maker by trade, whose education was of the very rudest kind, a pariah of society, bearing in his very form and color the ineffaceable badge of disgrace and servitude. Yet this man triumphed over all the obstacles in his way, and, after establishing a high reputation as a poet, set the seal to his fame by a dignified and heroic death. In 1844, particulars of an intended insurrection of the colored population came from various sources to the ears of the supreme authority of Cuba, and seemed to demand investigation. Everything like a representative body having been abolished by Tacon, there was no apparent way open for consulting with the creoles on the subject. The Captain-General coolly resolved to settle the business by military commissions, and immediately let loose upon the island a horde of inferior officials, who proceeded to collect testimony, and to inflict punishment after the fashion of the "process of the Templars," or "Jeffrey's campaign." Numbers of free persons of color and of slaves died under the lash,* many others were summarily shot, and such infamous excesses were committed by the *fiscals* as beggar belief. The victims of this dreadful persecution were stripped of their property, and the crown officers—with a few honorable exceptions—soon converted their system of terror into a grand financial expedient. White creoles and foreigners were not exempted from the pestilence of power, and the planters were compelled to ransom their slaves at great cost, from a tribunal which arrested without accusation, and condemned without inquiry.

The conspicuous position of Placido among his people marked him out as an early victim. It is not improbable that Placido may have been concerned in the conspiracy which there is really reason to suppose was then organizing, and, though he contemptuously denied many of the charges brought against him, he does not appear to have shrunk from maintaining the right of the negroes to rise against oppression. He was found guilty and sentenced to be shot. He behaved in prison with great propriety and composure, and won the admiration of numbers who visited him.

In the interval of his preparation for death, he composed some of the finest of his poems, particularly his *Prayer to God*. Can we deny the honors of genius to the Cuban *mulatto* who could so feel and speak?

"Oh, God of love unbounded! Lord Supreme!
In overwhelming grief, to thee I fly:
Rending this veil of hateful calumny,
Oh let thine arm of might my fame redeem!
Wipe thou this foul disgrace from off my brow
With which the world hath sought to stamp it now.

"Thou King of kings, my fathers' God and mine,
Thou only art my sure and strong defence;
The polar snows and tropic fires intense,
The shaded sea, the air, the light are thine;
The life of leaves, the waters' changeful tide,
All things are thine, and by thy will abide.

"Thou art all power; all life from thee goes forth,
And fails to flow, obedient to thy breath;
Without thee, all is naught; in endless death
All nature sinks, forlorn and nothing worth.
Yet even the void obeys thee, and from naught,
By thy dread word, the living man was wrought.

"Merciful God! how should I thee deceive?
Let thy eternal wisdom search my soul!
Bowed down to earth by falsehood's base control,
Her stainless wings not now the air may cleave.
Send forth thine hosts of truth, and set her free!
Stay thou, oh Lord, the oppressors' victory.

"Forbid it, Lord, by that most free outpouring
Of thine own precious blood for every brother
Of our lost race, and by thy Holy Mother,
So full of grief, so loving, so adoring,
Who, clothed in sorrow, followed thee afar,
Weeping thy death like a declining star.

"But if this lot thy love ordains to me—
To yield to foes most cruel and unjust,
To die, and leave my poor and senseless dust
The scoff and sport of their weak enmity—
Speak thou! and then thy purposes fulfil;
Lord of my life, work thou thy perfect will!"

A letter which Placido sent to his wife, on the night before his death, is worthy of a place beside the more famous one which Padilla wrote in circumstances so similar. Thus the despised laborer bade eternal farewell to his mother:

"The appointed lot has come upon me, mother;
The mournful ending of my years of strife;
This changing world I leave, and to another,
In blood and terror, goes my spirit's life.
But thou, grief-smitten, cease thy mortal weeping,
And let thy soul her wonted peace regain;
I fall for right, and thoughts of thee are sweeping
Across my lyre, to wake its dying strain—
A strain of joy and gladness, free, unfailing,
All glorious and holy, pure, divine,
And innocent, unconscious as the wailing
I uttered at my birth: and I resign,
Even now, my life; even now, descending slowly,
Faith's mantle folds me to my slumbers holy.
Mother, farewell! God keep thee, and forever!"

On the morning of the 28th of June, Placido was led, with nineteen others, to the Plaza of Matanzas. He passed to his death like an Indian chief, chanting for a death-song his own noble *Prayer*. He was to suffer first; stepped into the square, knelt with unbandaged eyes, and gave the signal to the soldiers. When the smoke rolled away, it was seen that he had only been wounded, and had fallen in agony to the ground. A murmur of pity and horror ran through the crowd; but Placido, slowly rising to his knees, drew up his form proudly, and cried, in a broken voice: "Farewell, world! ever pitiless to me! Fire *here!*" raising his hand to his temples.

Possibly this dark history may not yet have rounded to its close. Men like Toussaint and Placido fall not obscurely nor unavenged. Their friends are

"Exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind."

A Spanish traveller in Cuba, Salas of Queroga, says of Placido's poetic merits: "I know no American poet, Heredia included, who approaches him in genius, in polish and in dignity." The same critic, after analyzing Placido's poetry, writes thus:

"It is truly wonderful to hear a poet, esteemed humble by the society in which he lives, addressing himself to the Queen-Regent of Spain in language like this:

'Some one there is, who, with his golden lyre,
Worthier thy sovereign ear, shall chant
To the vibrations of its jewelled strings
More grateful songs, perchance, but not more free!'

"And these lines are equally bold and daring:

'And beats not thy heart too? Therefore will I,
While the pure dawn her snowy canopy
Hangs on the orient sky,
Bid my rejoicing hymns to God on high,
Upborne by gentlest breezes, swiftly fly;
Let them who fear be dumb, for not of them am I!
If thou with pleasure hearest, let thy prayers
Swift seek the Eternal, that my songs may rise
Even to his throne, and then on Cuba fall,
Impearled in blessings from the echoing skies!'"

It was important for me to paint the poetic character of Placido, to bring into clearer relief his astonishing merits. I fear, nevertheless, that my readers will not sufficiently appreciate the true condition of a miserable laborer in the island of Cuba; and only by such an appreciation can they fully estimate the great value of the lines I have quoted. The vigor of Placido's versification corresponds to that of his thought. It is surprising to see the facility with which he manages the tenderest themes, and some of his compositions touch the deepest emotions of the soul. My task would be endless should I attempt to extract all the beauties of these poems, for, if there are very few that can be quoted in full, there is not one unrelieved by the light of genius. Their faults arise from the poet's want of instruction; their inspiration is celestial.

This man, be it once more remembered, was a person whom many an American lady would have thought sufficiently honored with a place behind her chair at the dinner-table, where he might have listened to edifying conversation about the insulted genius of Burns, and the prejudices of a snobbish nobility!—*Chambers's Journal.*

* The British Commissioner, Kennedy, says three thousand.

*PRACTICAL WORKING OF THE ANTI-CAPITAL PUNISHMENT THEORY.**

Three States of the Union have abolished the Penalty of Death for crime, and what have been the results? Let us see.

Michigan abolished the Gallows in 1846, and what has been the effect? Everything that was claimed for the Repeal has been absolutely verified. Letter after letter from the several Secretaries of State has been adduced, showing that there has been *no increase* in the crime of murder; and the recent Secretary of that State says, "It would be almost impossible to assemble a Legislature that would take the responsibility of restoring the Gallows."

Rhode Island abolished the Death Penalty in 1852. We herewith append a letter from the Secretary of that State in reply to a note of inquiry:

Secretary's Office, Providence, R. I., Oct. 29, 1859.

M. H. Boyer, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* I have your favor of the 30th instant requesting me to furnish certain facts relative to the law abolishing the punishment of death in Rhode Island.

I would most willingly comply with your request, but am in possession of no facts, and have no documents or reports in my office, from which the statistics you wish can be obtained. I was not connected with the government of this State when the law passed, and the annual reports of our State Prison Inspector do not give the facts desired. Similar inquiries have been put to me from various quarters, which led me to make inquiries of many persons here, the result of which is that *crime has not increased since the death punishment was abolished.*

I remain, dear sir, yours, very respectfully,

John R. Bartlett, Secretary of State.

Wisconsin abolished the Death Penalty in 1835, and as to its beneficial results we can personally speak; for, having taken an active part in that closely-contested legislative battle which resulted in the overthrow of the gallows, we can bear testimony to the effect of its beneficial operations. While the public feeling is no longer assaulted by the exhibition or knowledge of "judicial murders," it is a gratifying fact that *there has been no increase* in crime of the first degree, the statistics showing quite the reverse. The following letter from the State Prison Commissioner of Wisconsin is worthy of attention:

State Prison Commissioner's Office,
Waupun, Wisconsin, Nov. 1, 1859.

M. H. Boyer—*Dear Sir:* Yours of the 29th ult., asking me to give you the number of convicts now confined in this prison for murder in the first degree, the number received during the present year, their general conduct, etc., was yesterday received. In reply I will state the whole number to be nineteen. There have been none received during the past year, and but one since May, A. D. 1858.

With the exception of two, who are insane (one of whom came here in that condition), and one other who has made two attempts to escape, I have never had the least trouble with them. As a general thing, they are much better men, men of more integrity, on whose words I can place more reliance, who have better moral perceptions, and are altogether of a higher order of being, than those imprisoned for minor offences. You may ask why the fact of their comparatively moral condition is reconcilable with the fact that they committed the greatest crimes known to man. In reply I will state that about one-half of the number committed their crimes under the influence of ardent spirits, which others administered to them. These men, now sober, and returned to their normal condition, are peaceful and well-behaved. They were originally, and are now, as moral and as good in all respects as the average of society. How long they would remain proof against the temptations which would assail them, if liberated, is indeed a question. Some of them have committed their crimes under the influence of sudden passion, or under the pressure of supposed or real wrongs. Only three or four may be called deliberate murderers.

You ask my opinion of the effect of the law abrogating the death penalty in Wisconsin. As I have always been opposed to taking "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," my opinion may be taken with some allowance; yet it seems clear to me that it must have a beneficial influence. Like all other reforms, the good effect is not immediately seen; but I doubt if any other State, containing nearly or quite a million of people, congregated from all parts of the world where life is taken for life, can show less than one murder in eighteen months. Yet this, as I have said, is all we have received in that time; nor do I know of any now awaiting trial. I do not think any one of the number confined for murder here thought for a moment about the penalty; nor do I suppose this is very often the case till after the crime has been committed. As I am of the opinion that "like produces like," it cannot be otherwise than that the adoption of a Christian system by the State government must produce a Christian feeling among the governed.

These are the statistical facts, together with my own opinion, as you requested, though written in great haste. Yours, respectfully,

Edwd. M. McGraw, State Prison Commissioner.

Here, then, we find that, for nearly *seven years*, the most gratifying result has marked the "abolition" in Wisconsin; and, though several attempts have been made to restore the gallows, they have met with signal failure. At the last session of the Legislature, a bill was introduced, in the Senate, prescribing the death punishment in certain aggravated cases of murder. It passed that body by a small majority, but was overwhelmingly defeated in the House, which refused it even the courtesy of discussion; and any future attempt to restore Hanging in that State will be utterly unsuccessful. As a State, it presents a much fairer record than her sister Illinois, where hanging for crime is still tolerated; for it is a notorious fact that during the past year there have been *twice* the number of murders and murder trials in Chicago alone, with its *hundred thousand* inhabitants, than in the whole State of Wisconsin, with its *million* of souls. Milwaukee, with its *sixty thousand* inhabitants, has had no occasion to try a single case of murder—nor has there been a single indictment for the crime before mentioned. We do not make this statement with a view to disparage or underrate the morality of Chicago, but as merely suggestive of the fact that the hanging of our fellow-man by process of law is not the best incentive to the practise and perpetuation of virtue.

By an examination of the criminal statistics of Great Britain for the past fifty years, it will at once be perceived that, as the English laws became less bloody, and the penalties for the minor offences less severe, there was an absolute *decrease* in those very crimes which had been punished so rigorously; and this immense saving of life was certainly productive of no evil, but of incalculable good; hence, we are driven to the conclusion, which is absolutely irresistible, that cruel laws ever incite that very spirit in man which frequently culminates in crime, while laws which manifest the mild spirit of Christianity will ever infuse into the minds of the people benevolence, kindness and charity.

* Extract of a letter, in *The Tribune*, from Marvin H. Boyer, of Wisconsin, who has been employed by the opponents of the gallows in the State of New York to deliver lectures on the subject and otherwise to assist in promoting their views.

GUSTAVUS VASA.

The father of Gustavus Vasa and many of his friends and kinsmen had fallen in a massacre. His mother, and several of the most illustrious ladies, were carried prisoners to Copenhagen, and treated with every indignity. On his own head a high price was set, and he was safe nowhere. He fled into Dalicarlia, a wild region of mines and mountains, inhabited by the most daring and independent race of Sweden. He hoped to rouse them to the rescue of their country; but that great bloody deed, and Christian's spies everywhere, had thoroughly unmanned even these hardy men. On his journey, his servant made off with his clothes and effects, and Gustavus pursued him till his horse fell under him—but in vain. Once more disguised as a peasant, he went on through sterile mountains, unpeopled heaths and forests, till he reached Fahlun, with its blazing fires, rolling smoke, and sooty copperworks. Here he labored for some time in the mines; but his uneasy mind drove him on again. He engaged as a thresher at a farm; but there the fineness of his linen and his manners did not escape a sharp-eyed maid. The master, informed of this, soon recognized Gustavus as a fellow-student at Upsala, and, filled with terror, intreated him to plunge deeper into the mountains, and leave him and his family in safety. He next betook himself to the castle of a nobleman, who received him most affectionately, making himself most sure of the offered reward. He mounted and rode off to the next military station and was soon back again with twenty troopers. But the bird was flown, through a hint from the more noble wife, who furnished him with a horse and sledge for his escape. He sought refuge at the door of a monastery founded by his ancestors, but the monks shut the door in his face. His next asylum was with a worthy clergyman; but here the Philistines were upon him again, for the Danish soldiery were hunting everywhere. He was again rescued by the presence of mind of the lady, who, on the entrance of the troopers into the house, where Gustavus was sitting with the other farm men, she gave him a cuff on the ear, and sent him off on pretence of some neglected errand. His host then concealed him under a load of straw, and drove him towards a place of security; but the soldiers met them on the way, examined the load of straw, ran their swords through it in various directions, and at one pass pierced the leg of Gustavus. He bore the wound without stirring, and was saved; but the blood soon running through the cart and leaving a track on the snow, his ingenious host cut a wound in his horse's foot, and, when the bloody track was remarked, showed that as the cause. Through such dangers and discouragements Gustavus escaped, finally roused the men of Dalicarlia, expelled the Danes, and was unanimously elected King. He became one of the noblest kings that ever reigned; completed the Reformation in Sweden, and remains one of the world's great names.—*Westminster Review.*

The Head of the House.—A faithful minister of the Gospel being one day engaged in visiting some members of his flock, came to the door of a house where his gentle tapping could not be heard for the noise of contention within. After waiting a little he opened the door, and walked in, saying with an authoritative voice, "I should like to know who is the head of this house." "Weel, sir," said the husband and father, "if ye sit doon a wee, we'll be able to tell ye, for we're just tryin' to settle that point."—*Dean Ramsay's Reminiscences.*

Timely Wit.—When Sir Walter Scott was at school, a boy in the same class was asked by the domine what part of speech *with* was. "A noun, sir," said the boy. "You young blockhead," cried the pedagogue, "what example can you give of such a thing?" "I can tell you sir," interrupted Scott: "You know there's a verse in the Bible which says: "they bound Samson with *withs*."

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

A New Sect in Europe.—A Paris correspondent writes: "A curious new sect of Christians, called Transmigrationists, have of late become very numerous in France. Quite different from the Mormons, their character is highly moral, and their creed Christian, only they include all animals in their idea of universal mortality. They profess to believe that being changed after death into some animal will be their purgatory. In Germany their increase is immense."

A Negro Clergyman in the Pulpit.—On Sunday evening last, Trinity Church, Chatham, was much crowded, in consequence of the announcement that the Rev. Mr. Taylor, a negro clergyman and a native of Africa, would preach a sermon, the novelty of a colored clergyman occupying the pulpit in an English church attracting a large congregation. The Rev. gentleman, who has been ordained under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society, appears to be highly accomplished.

People talk of the decline of literature. It is not declining in prices, at all events. Think of the Poet Laureate receiving £250 for a single idyll, of about 100 lines, from Messrs. Macmillan, for the January number of their new magazine. I thought Bradbury and Evans had topped the market when they paid Mr. Tennyson £100 for his charming poem, the Grandmother's Apology, published in the third or fourth number of *Once a Week*. But the Cambridge publishers have capped their brethren of Fleet street.—*Manchester Guardian.*

Clerical Cabbaging.—The following singular advertisement is only a specimen of many that are constantly appearing in the *Clerical Journal*: "Sermons: A Beneficed Clergyman, who preaches to a respectable congregation, will *lend* his sermons to any brother whose occupations preclude leisure for composition. The discourses are original in the strictest sense, earnest and striking, and will be furnished at the rate of five shillings each. An order for a month's sermons, accompanied with a P.O. order for one pound, will meet with prompt attention and the utmost confidence. Address John Smith, under cover, Mr. Walker, bookseller, No. 189, Strand, London, W. C."

A Short Cut and Sharp Answer.—In the memorial of the Montogmeries, Earls of Eglinton, vol. 1, p. 134, occurs an anecdote of an idiot, illustrative of the peculiar acuteness and quaint humor which occasionally mark the sayings of the class. There was a certain "Daft Will Speir," who was a privileged baunter of Eglinton Castle and grounds. He was discovered by the earl one day taking a near cut, and crossing a fence in the demesne. The earl called out, "Come back, sir; that's not the road." "Do ye ken," said Will, "whaur I'm gaun?" "No," replied his lordship. "Well, boo the deil do ye ken whether this be the road or no?"—*Dean Ramsay's Reminiscences.*

Two historical anecdotes connected with two illustrious personages in English history have just come to light. The correspondence of the French Ambassador to the Court of Queen Elizabeth reveals to us what Elizabeth said of Essex. "He took pleasure," she said, "in insulting her person; but she had warned him to take care how he touched her sceptre." The other anecdote refers to King George IV., and is told in the diary of Mr. Rose, who was much with King George III. and more with Mr. Pitt. Rose was talking to the King in his own house. "I thank God," said King George III., and with warmth, "there is but one of my children who wants courage, and I will not name him, because he is to succeed me." Here, then (says the *Illustrated London News*), is a new bit for Mr. Thackeray's "Four Georges."

Mrs Martineau on Swimming for Ladies.—We have proposed every child—and not only every boy—as a swimming pupil, because the main reasons for anybody's being able to swim are good for everybody. English women have four limbs, and live in an island, and make voyages, and practice sea-bathing, and need exercise in the water at school and at home, and go out in boats—in short, run the universal risks in regard to water; and, therefore, they have a claim to be taught to swim. At the time when the great school was kept away from the river because a boy had been drowned, a sensible and wealthy Quaker gentleman built a bathing-house for his young daughters on a mere in his grounds, which was sufficiently fenced with reeds to secure privacy; and the girls learned to swim. In the sea they could all go through the exercises as South Sea women do. Their frames were improved; their health was improved; their safety was improved; and there was not a shadow of an objection to be set off on the other side.—*Once a Week.*

A Black Swan in Paris.—An application was made on Saturday to the Civil Tribunal on the part of Mdlle. Martinez, a woman of color, known by the name of the "Malibran Noire," from her possessing a good voice and a certain talent as a musician. She had, it appears, when she first came to Paris from the Spanish settlements in South America, given concerts and obtained some success, attended with very satisfactory money results. But, having gone to Madrid to sing, she found on her return that the wind of popularity had shifted to some other direction, and that, when she gave a concert as before, the receipts did not equal the expenditure. She tried again and again to attract an audience, but all in vain. At last she fell into distress, and the owner of a furnished room which she occupied not only turned her out of doors for not paying the rent, but seized on her clothes and effects, including a guitar. Her counsel maintained that the seizure of the instrument was illegal, inasmuch as it must be assimilated to instruments of labor, or the tools of a workman, which could not be taken away. The president, coinciding in that view of the question, ordered the immediate restitution of the guitar.

Achievements of Young Men in Different Countries.—Edmund About, in his book, "The Roman Question," makes the following comparison of young men of twenty-five, in different countries. After describing the education of young Roman nobles, he says, in this flashy way:

"One fine day they attain their twenty-fifth year. At this age an American has already tried his hand at a dozen different trades, made four fortunes, and at least one bankruptcy, has gone through a couple of campaigns, had a lawsuit, established a new religious sect, killed half a dozen men with his revolver, freed a negress, and conquered an island. An Englishman has passed some stiff examinations, been attached to an embassy, founded a factory, converted a Catholic, gone round the world, and read the complete works of Walter Scott. A Frenchman has rhymed a tragedy, written for two newspapers, been wounded in three duels, twice attempted suicide, vexed fourteen husbands, and changed his politics nineteen times. A German has slashed fifteen of his nearest friends, swallowed sixty bogsheads of beer, and the philosophy of Hegal, sung eleven thousand couplets, compromised a tavern waiting maid, smoked a million of pipes, and been mixed up with at least two revolutions.

"The Roman prince has done nothing, seen nothing, learned nothing, loved nothing, suffered nothing. His parents or guardians open a cloister gate, take out a young girl as inexperienced as himself, and the pair of innocents are bidden to kneel before a priest, who gives them permission to become parents of another generation of innocents like themselves."

Literary Tastes of Alexander Dumas the